

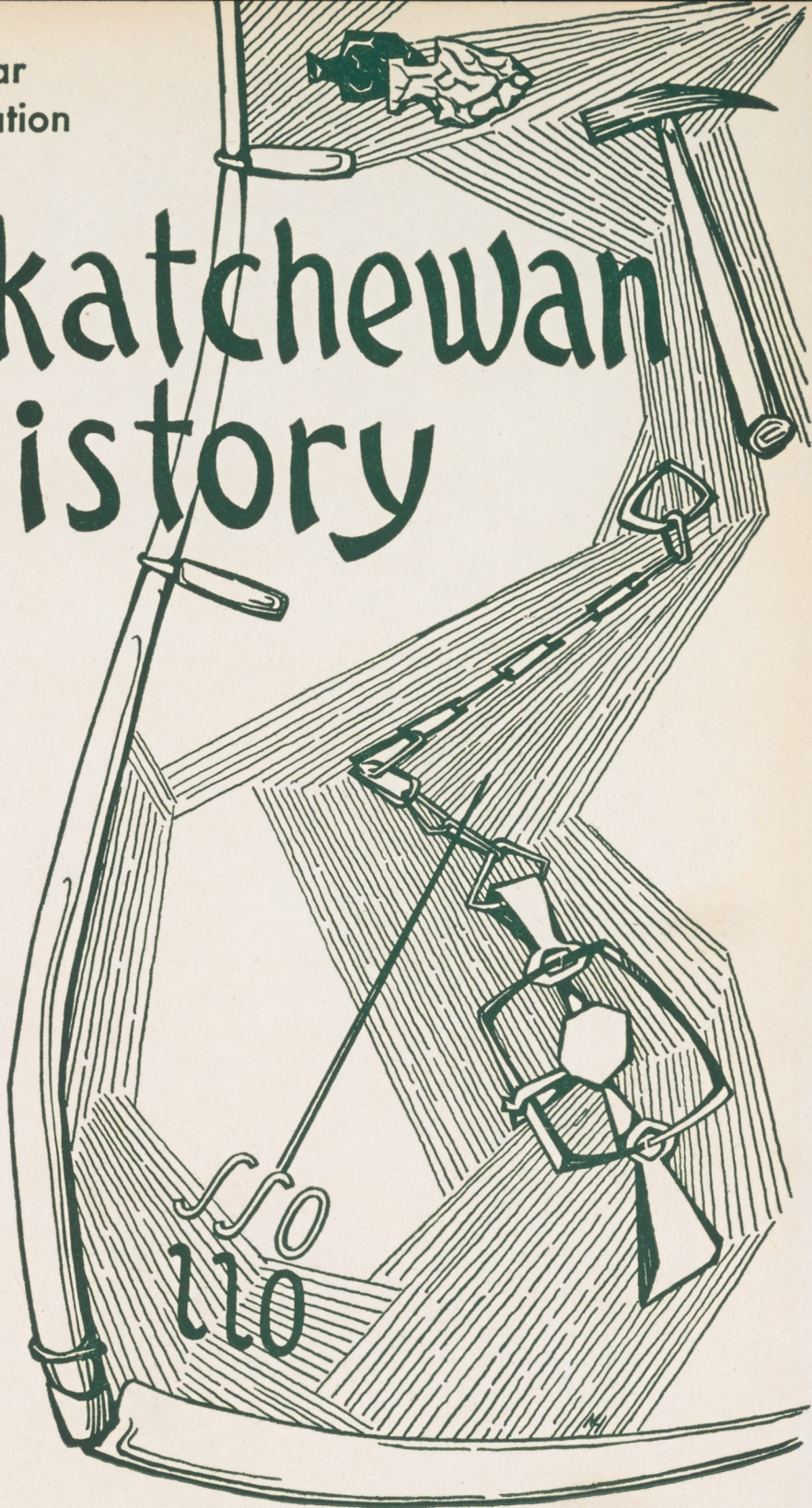
Tenth Year  
of Publication

# Saskatchewan History

★ Farmers'  
Institutes

BY  
F. H. AULD

★ Diary of  
Arthur Miller



Vol. X, No. 2

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# Saskatchewan History

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## Farmers' Institutes in the North-West Territories

**A**N interesting phase in the development of methods of agricultural instruction in Saskatchewan is the organization of farmers' institutes in the years before provincial autonomy was realized. The North-West Territories Assembly provided legislation in 1890—three years after the founding of the Experimental Farm at Indian Head—to enable farmers to increase their knowledge of farming methods in a new land through group discussions and study. Experience was very limited; population was sparse; local agricultural societies had only recently come into being; the Territorial Grain Growers' Association did not then exist, and the other local organizations subsequently formed for promoting the welfare of prairie farmers were still to be developed.

Ordinance No. 8 of 1890 authorized the formation of farmers' institutes within an electoral district "to encourage agriculture, horticulture, arboriculture, manufactures and the useful arts".<sup>1</sup> Methods of encouragement were: (a) holding meetings for the discussion of and hearing lectures on subjects connected with the theory and practice of improved husbandry or other industrial purposes; (b) promoting the circulation of agricultural, horticultural, arboricultural and mechanical periodicals; (c) importing and otherwise procuring seeds, plants and animals of new and valuable kinds; (d) offering prizes for essays on questions of scientific enquiry relating to agriculture, horticulture, arboriculture, manufactures and the useful arts.<sup>2</sup> Financial aid to the institutes, equal to the annual contributions of its members, was authorized by the Ordinance which decreed that "such payment was to be charged against any money appropriated for public improvements in the Electoral District or Districts in which such Institute is located".<sup>3</sup> Grants were conditional upon the institute having at least 25 *bona fide* members, holding at least two meetings for the discussion of agricultural subjects, and the recommendation of the member of the electoral district concerned. The territorial legislation of 1890 differed only in geographical description from that passed in Manitoba in the same year. By its news reports and editorial pronouncements, the movement seems to have been strongly supported by the *Nor'West Farmer and Miller*.

Six institutes were organized under this legislation<sup>4</sup>—all of them in the District of Assiniboia, the most advanced agricultural area in the Territories. Five of these were established in the spring of 1891 in the following electoral districts: Moose Jaw, Whitewood, Wallace (the Yorkton area), North and South Regina, and Souris;<sup>5</sup> the sixth (Wolseley) was established on September 4, 1893. Territorial government files are available for only two of the institutes—Moose Jaw and Wolseley.

<sup>1</sup> Ordinance No. 8 of 1890, s.3.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, s.11.

<sup>4</sup> See Proclamations and Orders of the Lieutenant Governor, N.W.T., in Archives of Saskatchewan.

<sup>5</sup> The Souris Institute held its first meeting at the residence of J. R. Trumpour, s.36, tp.3, r.3, W. 2nd.



### THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE OF THE MOOSE JAW ELECTORAL DISTRICT

The first institute in the Territories was established in the Moose Jaw district. As reported in the *Moose Jaw Times*, an organization meeting was held in the Brunswick Hall on January 23, 1891, with Henry Dorrell acting as chairman and J. W. McIntosh as secretary. The statutory authority for forming farmers' institutes was read and additional signatures were obtained to the petition for submission to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. The petition, which is dated February 3, 1891, stated, "We the undersigned, being desirous of securing the establishment of a Farmers' Institute in the Electoral District of Moose Jaw, hereby subscribe the sum set opposite our respective names and promise to continue to pay to the Secretary Treasurer of the Institute so long as we remain members of it, not less than fifty cents each annually; and we further promise to conform to the Bylaws and other Regulations of the Institute".<sup>6</sup> The signatories to the petition and their several locations were:

	Sec., Tp., Rge. W. 2nd	Post Office
John Warden McIntosh.....	32-17-27	Boharm
Wm. Watson.....	2-18-27	Moose Jaw
E. N. Hopkins.....	30-16-27	Moose Jaw
Henry Battell.....	30-18-26	Moose Jaw
H. Dorrell.....	30-18-26	Moose Jaw
S. K. Rathwell.....	22-17-27	Moose Jaw
Charles Smith.....	10-18-26	Moose Jaw
Alex Wilson.....	16-17-27	Moose Jaw
John G. Beesley.....	22-18-27	Marlborough
Donald McBain.....	22-18-27	Marlborough
James Campbell.....	22-17-28	Caron
James Ostrander.....	4-17-25	Rancher
Donald McRuan.....	10-17-26	Moose Jaw
J. W. Humphrey.....	24-18-27	Moose Jaw
R. O. Millar.....	20-17-26	Moose Jaw
A. Dalgarno.....	16-17-27	Moose Jaw
B. Smith.....	20-17-27	Boharm
Arthur L. Davies.....	4-18-27	Moose Jaw
John S. Winn.....	26-18-27	Marlborough
James P. Fowler.....	28-18-25	Moose Jaw
John A. Hill.....	18-17-27	Moose Jaw
Alex Delgatty.....	6-17-24	Pasqua
John D. Fraser.....	16-18-27	Marlborough
A. E. Potter.....	28-16-27	Moose Jaw
Fred W. Green.....	36-17-29	Moose Jaw
Alexander Zess.....	16-28-36	Moose Jaw
George L. Paisley.....	24-17-28	Boharm
Peter Hudson.....	18-18-26	Moose Jaw
Richard Henderson.....	34-17-27	
George Philips.....	34-17-27	Pioneer
M. Yates.....	32-17-28	Moose Jaw
Thomas A. Barry.....	34-18-27	Moose Jaw
H. G. Hurlburt.....	36-17-29	Caron
G. M. Annable.....	15-16-26	Moose Jaw

The Secretary Treasurer, *pro tem*, Edward Nicholas Hopkins, in a sworn statement declared that he had received the sums mentioned in the said petition, amounting in the aggregate to fifteen dollars. The petition bears the notation by the Government's legal adviser, Mr. D. L. Scott, certifying that: "The within

<sup>6</sup> Department of Agriculture, N.W.T., file no. A141, Archives of Saskatchewan, referred to hereinafter as file no. A141.



petition appears to comply with the provisions of the Ordinance and there is no reason why His Honour should not authorize the formation of the Institute". The file is somewhat incomplete, but it is clear that authority was granted to organize the proposed Institute<sup>7</sup> and that Mr. E. N. Hopkins caused copies of approved notices of the organization meeting to be posted at the Boharm School House and at post offices at Moose Jaw, Boharm, Point Elma, Marlborough and Pasqua. The first meeting was held on April 3, 1891, when the following officers were elected: President, S. K. Rathwell; Vice-President, E. N. Hopkins; Secretary Treasurer, John Warden McIntosh. Directors were Henry Battell, Captain C. Smith, G. M. Annable, G. C. Paisley, J. W. Stephenson, F. G. Herrler—all of Moose Jaw district. Mr. J. D. Fraser and A. L. Davies were appointed auditors.

Conditions of those early days of settlement are reflected in the matters discussed by the Institute, as described in the annual report of the directors.<sup>8</sup> At its first meeting the first business taken up was the consideration of school and land laws. Mr. Wm. Watson was authorized to draft memorials in reference thereto which were unanimously passed. These memorials to the Dominion Government were published in the *Moose Jaw Times* of February 20, 1891.

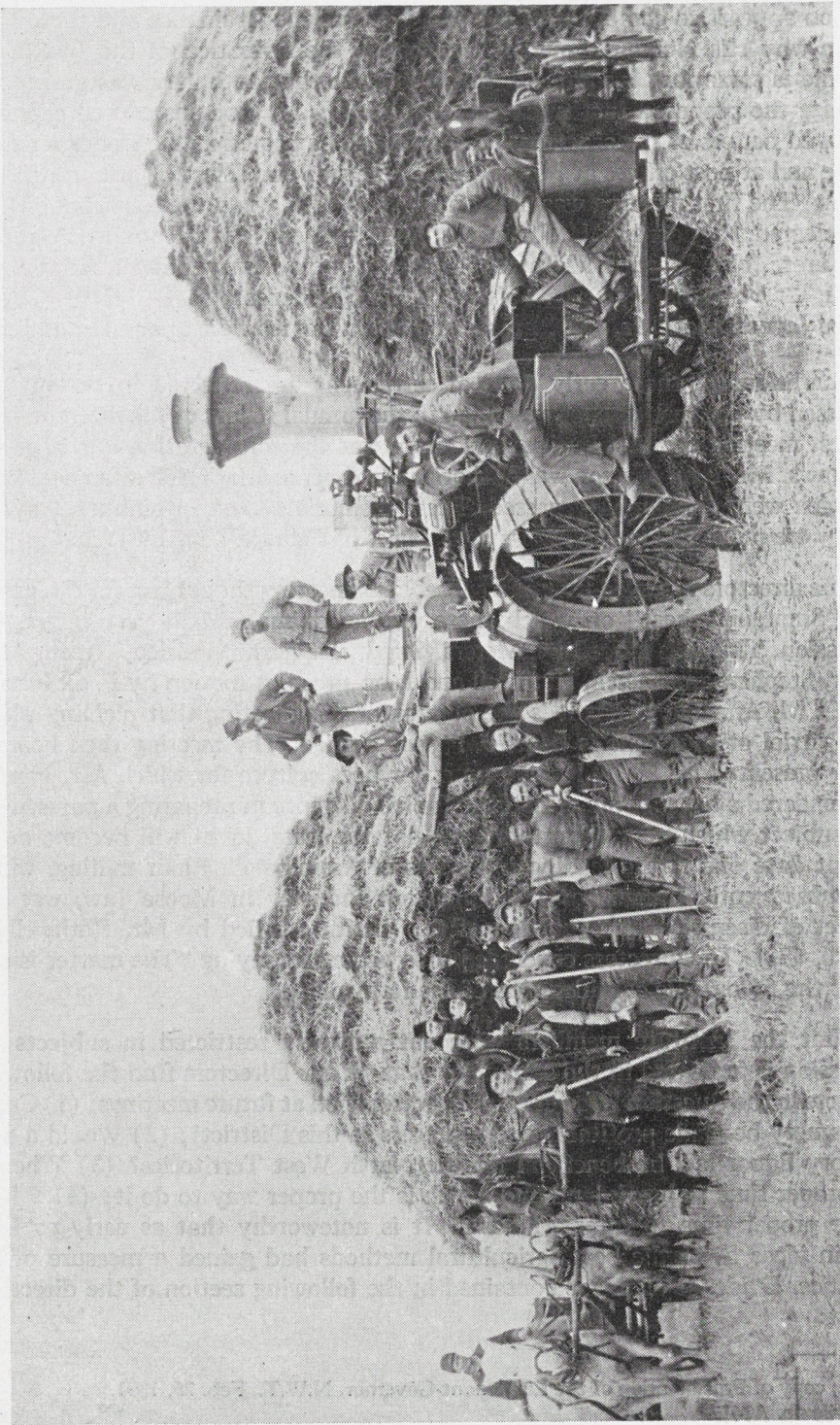
The directors reported that at a subsequent meeting the subject for discussion was "Smut in Wheat" on which there was an animated and very interesting discussion. This was shared by Messrs. Smith, Dalgarno, Paisley, Green, Alexander, Stephenson, Battell, Rathwell and MacIntosh. A motion by F. G. Herrler and G. M. Annable "That it is the opinion of this meeting that pickling wheat with vitriol or bluestone is beneficial" was carried. The meeting then heard a paper presented by F. G. Herrler on sugar beet culture for which Mr. Herrler was tendered a hearty vote of thanks "for his diligence in preparing a paper upon this subject which your Directors have not the least doubt will become at no distant date one of the leading industries of Assiniboia". Flour milling, which did subsequently become a very important industry in Moose Jaw, was the subject of discussion at a meeting of the Institute called by Mr. Rathwell on June 6, 1891. The directors concluded their report by saying "The matter is still under the favourable consideration of the farmers".

That the Institute members were not narrowly restricted in subjects for discussion is indicated in the statement that "Your Directors find the following subjects in the Question Drawer awaiting discussion at future meetings: (1) Could a creamery be made profitable and a success in this District?; (2) Would a prohibitory liquor law be beneficial for the North West Territories? (3) When is the proper time to break land and which is the proper way to do it? (4) Which is the proper time to summerfallow?" It is noteworthy that as early as 1891 certain ideas as to the best agricultural methods had gained a measure of acceptance. Evidence of this is contained in the following section of the directors' report:

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, copy of Proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor, N.W.T., Feb. 25, 1891.

<sup>8</sup> See file no. A141.





F. W. Green Threshing Outfit: Moose Jaw District.

Archives of Saskatchewan.



Before closing, your Directors would wish to recommend to our members and others in their remarks on the state of agriculture in the District the necessity of summerfallowing the land in order to ensure a profitable crop and to the discontinuance of putting in so much on untilled stubble land; as a marked difference is seen at present in those modes of farming and will be felt in the garnering in of the grain.

As to the state of Horticulture, in the District, your Directors beg leave to report that very little is being done in gardening other than supplying home demands.

On Arboriculture your Directors beg leave to report that tree planting is now engaging the attention of the farmers to a considerable extent and that they are under a lasting obligation to the Honorable Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Carling, for the munificent donation of trees and tree seeds from the Central Experimental Farm. And your Directors would beg leave to impress upon its members and others the advisability of tree planting as much as possible, as we believe that in time it will have a climatic effect upon the district and render homes more attractive and prairie life less monotonous.

Your Directors would also recommend to its members and others that as the prairie fire season approaches they take all necessary precautions to have fire breaks in proper condition to meet emergencies, as the luxuriant growth of prairie grass this year may have a very disastrous effect upon the District should fire approach us.

In closing, your Directors beg leave to state that our deliberations have been harmonious throughout and would express the wish that such may be the experience of the future Directorate of the Moose Jaw Farmers' Institute.<sup>9</sup>

An interesting question arose concerning the holding of the first annual meeting of the Institute. The Ordinance required that such meeting be held on the second Monday in July in each year. That fact occasioned a request from the Secretary-Treasurer to the Lieutenant Governor: "Would you kindly inform me if it will be legal to alter the day appointed in the Farmers' Institute Ordinance for holding the annual meeting—the 2nd Monday in July—as it falls this year on the day the Orangemen celebrates. They have been at me to appoint another day . . . I contend that you may cut us off from the grant if we change the day to suit their fancies".<sup>10</sup> The reply is not in the file. That it failed to offer a solution is implied from another letter asking the Governor whether the Institute could legally adjourn a meeting from the prescribed day to the following day. This proposal was made "to let the Orangemen have full swing as they have or are to have a demonstration at the place of our meeting".<sup>11</sup> This seems to have been acceptable, since the meeting was held on July 13, 1891, at Pioneer Lake.

On July 20, 1891, Mr. J. H. Ross, M.L.A., forwarded the required reports of the Institute to Governor Royal and recommended that the sum of \$21.50 be granted to the Institute and that the same be charged to Moose Jaw District from funds voted for "Aids to Districts". On May 7, 1892 Mr. Ross again re-

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, J. W. McIntosh to Lieutenant-Governor Joseph Royal, June 12, 1891.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, McIntosh to Royal, July 6, 1892.



commended payment of this grant, explaining that "The Farmers' Institute in my district applied last year for the grant payable under the Ordinance, but as my local funds were at the time all expended, it had to lie over". Approval of the request was recommended by H. S. Cayley, serving at the time as a member of the Executive Committee, and a cheque was issued on May 11.

The annual report for 1891-92, though brief, is interesting, and reads as follows:

Divine Providence having blessed our District, and country with such abundant crops last year, that we found it almost impossible to obtain labor to get the grain properly stacked. Another great disadvantage was not having enough threshing machines in the district for the abundant harvest, consequently, thousands of dollars have been lost to the farmers here, and a number have not yet been able to get their grain threshed.

In regard to arboriculture, very little interest seems to have been taken, chiefly on account of the farmers not having fences to protect the trees from cattle, etc. We notice some, however, who have been very successful with native trees; and even wild fruit, when cultivated has proved a decided success.

During the year, several meetings of the Institute have been held and largely attended by the farmers. A petition was sent to the Dominion Government asking them to remove the duty on binding twine; which, we are sorry to say, has not been granted.

Mr. Angus MacKay of the Experimental Farm at Indian Head addressed one of our meetings at some length, taking up agricultural matters in some detail. His remarks on the different varieties and treatment of grain were received with much interest. Mr. Davin, M.P. for Western Assiniboia, and Speaker Ross of the Legislative Assembly also spoke on the subject of agriculture, after which a joint banquet was given by our agricultural society and Institute.<sup>12</sup>

Sources of income were members' fees and Government grants based on memberships. Expenditures included items for printing, stationery and postage, which for a period of two years amounted to \$41.75. Cash on hand at the end of June, 1892, was \$34.76.

#### THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH REGINA ELECTORAL DISTRICTS

According to *The Leader* (Regina) the organization meeting of the Institute in these districts was held in the town hall on July 11, 1891, when the following officials were elected: D. F. Jelly, President; G. Burns, Vice-President; J. W. Sutton, Secretary; W. H. Davis, Jas. Russell, F. Callender, Geo. Sharp, Robt. Kerr, H. Rowson, committee.

The meeting was addressed by Angus McKay, superintendent of the Indian Head Experimental Farm. Mr. McKay's address appears to have been concerned with the work of the farm, and particularly with varieties of grasses suitable for

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<sup>12</sup> File no. A141.



fodder. The elevator question had apparently become an issue among the farmers of this district at this time, as is indicated by the following extract from *The Leader* report:

Mr. Bole spoke about the advisability of the farmers building an elevator among themselves. His idea was for them to start a Joint Stock Company to be managed and run by themselves so as to shut the middlemen out of participating in their hard earned profits. He drew their attention to the way they were handicapped last year and he was sure that the elevator would be a source of great profit to them as it would enable them to store their grain until they could sell it at a good price. He thought the cost of 40,000 bushel elevator would be about \$8,000.

Mr. Jelly said he saw the necessity of it and said all they would do at this meeting was to pass a resolution to see if the farmers present were in favour of it.

Mr. McKay said that they had had meetings at Indian Head, and a representative had been sent through the country to get pointers and that they were now getting subscriptions collected. He mentioned that at Portage the elevator there had been a great success through the capability of the manager employed, who, through studying the wheat market and selling well had made about 15% for the farmers.

Mr. Jelly put the resolution to the vote and it was carried unanimously.<sup>13</sup>

#### THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE OF THE WOLSELEY ELECTORAL DISTRICT

The initial proceedings to secure the incorporation of the Wolseley District Farmers' Institute cannot be dated exactly from the file available in the Archives of Saskatchewan.<sup>14</sup> The petition bearing the signature of 25 persons, is stamped "December 18, 1892". The declaration of the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Levi Thomson, was completed in Regina on August 29, 1892. A proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor establishing the Institute was issued on September 4, 1893, and direction was given that the first meeting should be held in the Orange Hall. Notices of the organization meeting were duly posted by Alex Manson, Secretary-Treasurer of the Town of Wolseley, at each of the post offices of Ellisboro, Wolseley, Moffat, Summerberry and Grenfell. For posting notices, he was paid \$5.00.

The petitioners who were the first members of the Wolseley Farmers' Institute were:

	Sec., Tp., Rge., W. 2nd	Post Office
W. D. Perley.....	35-17-10	Wolseley
E. A. Banbury.....	-17-10	Wolseley
W. P. Osler.....	23-18-10	Ellisboro
Levi Thomson.....	17-18- 9	Ellisboro
Jas. P. Dill.....	14-17-10	Wolseley
A. P. Bompas.....	6-17-10	Wolseley
Ernest Terry.....	4-19- 8	Ellisboro
W. H. Ellis.....	18-18- 9	Ellisboro

<sup>13</sup> *The Leader*, July 14, 1891. See also report of an earlier meeting, *ibid.*, June 30, 1891 and the report of D. F. Jelly's views on the purposes of Farmers' Institutes, *ibid.*, June 16, 1891.

<sup>14</sup> Department of Agriculture, N.W.T., file no. A137, Archives of Saskatchewan.



	<i>Sec., Tp., Rge. W. 2nd</i>	<i>Post Office</i>
H. S. M. Edwards.....	36-18-10	Ellisboro
A. Duff.....	16-18- 9	Ellisboro
H. E. Duff.....	12-19a-9	Ellisboro
John Dunn.....	14-18- 9	Ellisboro
Alex McLean.....	18-18- 9	Ellisboro
M. Snow.....	30-18- 9	Ellisboro
Alex Perra.....	30-16-10	Wolseley
Wm. Gibson.....	4-16-10	Wolseley
J. F. Middlemiss.....	20-17-10	Wolseley
Robert A. Magee.....	12-17-10	Wolseley
Alex P. Ranson.....		Wolseley
George Simpson.....	12-19- 9	Ellisboro
Andrew Elliott.....	6-17- 9	Wolseley
Jas. McCowan.....	20-17- 8	Summerberry
James Crozier.....	30-17- 8	Summerberry
Robert McLean.....	13-18-10	Ellisboro
R. J. Campbell.....	30-18- 9	Ellisboro

The first and the only recorded annual meeting of the Wolseley Farmers' Institute was held in the Agricultural Hall in Wolseley on July 9th, 1894, when reports for the period of twelve months ended on June 30, 1894, were received and adopted. The directors' report<sup>15</sup> is as follows:

Two meetings have been held by this Institute for the discussion of agricultural subjects, one at Grenfell on November 24, 1893, and one at Wolseley on November 25, 1893. There was a fair attendance at those meetings though by no means as large as they should have been. Mr. McKay of Indian Head Experimental Farm addressed both meetings and answered a great many questions asked by those present. Altogether the meetings were very interesting, and those who attended them obtained much useful information from the remarks of Mr. McKay and others.

The officers of the Institute considered it necessary to have some headquarters and some place to keep the books and magazines purchased for the benefit of the Institute. None except purely agricultural books and magazines have been purchased.

The state of agriculture is pretty fully reported annually by the different agricultural societies of which there are three in this District. (Wolseley, Grenfell and Pheasant Forks.) No remarks on that subject will be necessary further than to say that this District has not suffered so far very seriously from the existing depression. However, the prospects for this season cannot be said to be very bright. The grain crops are likely to be light on account of the dry weather; and the Western blockade of the C.P.R. for the time affected the price of butter, which article is a great source of revenue to the farmers of this District.

A growing interest is manifested in the subject of arboriculture, and a considerable number of trees have been planted with a fair amount of success; but work in that line is still largely experimental.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.* (The report showed the names of the following members in addition to those who were the original petitioners for incorporation: A. McAlonan, S. V. Bray, A. G. Thompson, J. W. Sutherland, Percy Bray, S. B. Mussleman, Alex Sutherland, David Sutherland, Charles Grant, John Grant, Geo. Moodie, J. R. McAllister, A. J. McPhail, John Benson, Richard Magee, R. S. Banbury, G. H. Hurlburt, Dill and Gibson and Howard Handley, all of Wolseley; George Marlin and Jos. Marlin of Moffatt; Geo. P. Campbell, and Chas. Thompson of Ellisboro; Jas. Balfour, Hill Farm; B. P. Richardson and H. Coy of Grenfell; Rev. Alex. Campbell, Percy H. Covernton, Dr. Wm. Elliott, Geo. Wadey, John Gillespie, Wm. Robertson, John Handley and J. A. McLellan of Wolseley.)



Gardening has for many years been carried on here with very good success; and there seems to be no good reason why all farmers should not grow plenty garden stuff for their own needs.

The annual meeting also heard the following report of the Secretary-Treasurer concerning the Institute meetings held for the discussion of agricultural subjects:

Meeting held at Agricultural Hall, Grenfell, November 24, (1893).

The President, Mr. Osler, delivered a short address on the objects of the Institute and of the present meeting. Mr. McKay, Superintendent of the Indian Head Experimental Farm, read a paper on agriculture which was well received. He explained that many of the trees planted on the Farm seemed to be suited to the country while very many could not be grown successfully. He strongly advocated the cultivation of native Maples and a certain kind of Sage bush (*Artemisia*) that he had grown very successfully.

An interesting discussion followed on this and other agricultural subjects in which many of the farmers took part.

Mr. McKay strongly advocated the growing of Austrian Brome Grass for hay. Mr. R. S. Lake said he had tried this grass, but that it did not do so well the third year as the first and second years. Mr. McKay thought this may have been caused by sowing too thick.

In a discussion which followed on summerfallowing, Mr. McKay said that grain did not ripen so early after two plowings as after one plowing. He advocated two deep plowings for light soil. Mr. R. Fitzgerald said grain would ripen earlier if the summerfallow were well harrowed. The solidier the ground was worked down the earlier the crop. He rolls his crop when it is about four inches high.

Mr. Crush [?] advocated giving growing pigs plenty of good water. The grain ought to be fed whole or crushed. Mr. McKay said he found that oats did better plowed down [seeding?] than any other way except on summerfallow.

At a later meeting, held in the Orange Hall, Wolseley, Mr. McKay read the same papers as at the Grenfell meeting, and the following points were discussed:

Mr. Bompas thought there was very little use planting many trees without a windbreak. Mr. McKay advocated native maples for a windbreak. He thought best to grow them from the seed; and said some years very few of the seeds would germinate — so they should be sown thickly. He said the native Maples would grow straight and tall if the lower branches were trimmed off. He thought the Nebraska Sage (*Artemisia*) made the best windbreak for fruits and gardens.

Mr. McKay strongly advocated summerfallowing, and made about the same remarks regarding it as at Grenfell. He did not believe in fall plowing in any case. Mr. Dill thought it would be a good thing if we could get a cheap substitute for lumber for stable flooring. A good plank floor for a team of horses will cost about \$8.00. Mr. McKay thought a floor of small stones would be about the cheapest and best. He finds Yorkshire pigs do not do as well as Berkshires when young but that they make leaner bacon. He found wheat too heating a feed for fattening cattle. It should be mixed with barley. The grain is crushed and fed dry, either by itself or with other feed.



The Wolseley District Farmers' Institute had an income of \$50.00 from membership fees and derived a grant of the same amount from the Territorial Government. Three fourths of this was spent in furtherance of the directors' policy of having a "headquarters and some place to keep the books and magazines purchased for the benefit of the Institute". Furniture and supplies absorbed \$31.05; books and magazines cost \$20.25; printing expense was \$3.41; fuel, \$3.50; the cost of rented premises was \$11.00, and the caretaker received \$2.00. The Secretary-Treasurer seems to have donated his services.

Information is lacking as to the officers elected at the first meeting of the Wolseley Farmers' Institute, but those elected on July 9, 1894, included W. P. Osler, President; Rev. A. Campbell, Vice president; Levi Thomson, Secretary-treasurer; and the following Directors: A. B. Bompas, J. D. Dill, R. A. Magee, and E. A. Banbury of Wolseley; W. H. Ellis and R. J. Campbell of Ellisboro. J. F. Middlemiss and Alex Manson were appointed auditors and J. P. Dill, M.L.A., was chairman of the meeting.

#### PUBLIC POLICY CONCERNING FARMERS' INSTITUTES

Information concerning the evolution of Farmers' institutes and agricultural societies in the North-West Territories is rather fragmentary prior to the formation of the Department of Agriculture in 1898 and the foregoing summaries seem to comprise the story of the three Insitutues whose activities are traceable in records currently available.

During the legislative session of 1894, farmers' institutes were wiped out of existence and their duties were assigned to agricultural societies, some of which had been formed in the District of Assiniboia as early as 1884.<sup>16</sup> Officers of institutes then organized were required within three months to convene meetings of their members in order to dispose of the assets of the institute. The repeal of the Ordinance respecting Farmers' Institutes was moved by J. P. Dill, M.L.A., for the District of Wolseley and a member of the Wolseley Farmers' Institute. The bill to amend the Agricultural Societies Ordinance was introduced by J. R. Neff, M.L.A., of Moosomin—a member of the Executive Committee.

This abrupt change in policy concerning farmers' institutes is without explanation. Mr. J. R. Neff had introduced the original bill in 1890. At a meeting sponsored by the Moosomin Agricultural Society and reported in the *Moosomin Courier* on July 21, 1892, Mr. Neff in reference to farmers' institutes, regretted that only three or four had been organized under the territorial Ordinance; but he stated that he intended to move some amendments in the forthcoming session which would make the Ordinance more useful. This seems not to have been done. The same issue of the *Courier*, however, contained a rather pointed editorial concerning farmers' institutes which may have influenced Mr. Neff and others. The following are extracts:

The formation of a farmers' institute in this district, so strongly urged by some of the speakers at the Agricultural Society's dinner, is a scheme

<sup>16</sup> See Ordinances Nos. 27 and 28, 1894.



which we have before now had occasion to discourage — not that the objects sought to be obtained are not eminently useful, but that they may all be obtained with less trouble — and therefore greater chance of success — under the auspices of the agricultural society itself . . . If the district cannot arrange for the preparation of essays and the discussion of agricultural topics now, when they have an organization for the purpose, will they be better able to do so when they have to attend to all of the formalities of an additional society? . . .

That the first Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture, for the North-West Territories, C. W. Peterson, who was appointed to that post in July 1898, seems to have ignored the earlier existence of farmers' institutes in the Territories, is inferred from the following sentences in his first annual report for 1898:

In nearly all the provinces of the Dominion, two distinct organizations exist under which similar work is carried out, namely, the agricultural societies proper, which devote their funds principally to the holding of exhibitions and to some extent to carry out a number of other objects included in our Agricultural Societies Ordinance; and the farmers' institutes, having in view the holding of farmers' meetings for the discussion of subjects in connection with agriculture. There has lately been an agitation throughout the country for the establishment of farmers' institutes through the Territories. Such a step, would, however, be a fatal mistake. There can be no doubt that the scattered settlement of the North-West Territories would operate against the success of any extensive system of farmers' institutes. The same work can be accomplished by our agricultural societies. In fact, the Ordinance as it now stands expressly assigns the work to those institutions. The establishment of additional organizations at various points to carry on farmers' institute work would, in my opinion only weaken our present societies . . . The societies at present organized are fairly evenly distributed and should be able successfully to handle the institute work which, as a matter of fact, is now being vigorously carried on in portions of Eastern Assiniboia.<sup>17</sup>

Reports of agricultural societies to the Commissioner of Agriculture for the Territories available from 1898, reveal interesting attitudes on their part toward agricultural institute meetings. There was a willingness to organize such meetings, especially when the payment of a grant to the society from public funds in respect to membership was conditional upon its so doing, as was the case from 1900. Available records, however, are not so clear as to whether the obvious interest in institutes was related solely to meetings as such or to the restoration of farmers' institutes as corporate organizations. The latter seems to have been favored by the Qu'Appelle Agricultural Society which held a public meeting at Fort Qu'Appelle on January 24, 1899, in connection with the Territorial Farmers' Institute. The object of the meeting was, among other things, to obtain an expression of opinion on the need for such institutes. A resolution proposed by J. A. T. French and seconded by F.W. Seymour "that, in the opinion of this meeting, it is desirable to take such steps as will ensure the establishment of farmers' institutes throughout the Territories" was carried unanimously.<sup>18</sup> C. W.

<sup>17</sup> *Annual Report, Department of Agriculture, N.W.T.*, 1898, p. 76.

<sup>18</sup> Department of Agriculture, file no. 1032, Archives of Saskatchewan. This and other Agricultural Society files are referred to hereinafter by file number.



Peterson was one of the four speakers at the meeting, but his immediate reaction to this recommendation is unknown.

Recommendations of the Regina Agricultural Association in 1899, reported as follows, are less clear as to their conception of farmers' institutes:

The proposal of the Government of the North West Territories to assist in the establishment of Government Boards or Farmers' Institutes is certainly an advance in the right direction. It is important that the farmers should meet together as often as possible to compare experiences and exchange information. It is equally important that the agricultural professor and the practical farmer should be brought face to face to discuss matters of importance. The former is accomplished by agricultural associations; the latter will be the mission of the farmers' institute.<sup>19</sup>

A year later, the directors of the Regina Association reported at its annual meeting:

The North West legislature has amended the Agricultural Societies Ordinance with a view to stimulating institute work. It is the intention of the Legislature that the ordinary grant to a society shall be devoted chiefly to institute work and special grants will be given for show purposes to those societies or combination of societies who can show not less than \$350.00 for exhibition purposes; and the amount of the grant will be dollar for dollar up to \$1000.00. The change does not come into operation until 1901, and early notice is thus given so that societies may carry out the very laudable objects the Government has in view.<sup>20</sup>

Fitting the farmers' institute into the agricultural society and adapting the integrated structure to a system of agricultural education for a new and growing community was not a simple task. Reports of the Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture reveal a desire to have fewer and more important agricultural fairs. That, in turn, implied fewer agricultural societies, with each sponsoring institute work in localities where the formation of another agricultural society could not be justified.

The keen mind and restless energy of Mr. Peterson are revealed in the annual reports which he sponsored during his period of service as Deputy Commissioner. Departmental files—now in the Saskatchewan Archives—provides further evidence. In connection with agricultural societies, consideration was being given in 1898 to changes designed to improve their service to the public. A letter from Angus McKay, Superintendent of the Experimental Farm at Indian Head, to the Deputy Commissioner, contained this interesting comment on the relationship of the Institute to the Agricultural Society:

The clauses in the organization of agricultural societies fill the bill; but I think one or two points in the central agricultural institutes can be amended; 1st. to have the Ordinance elastic enough to permit outside settlements in an agricultural district to organize locally and affiliate with the agricultural society for the district for institute work only. In the Indian Head Agricultural Society District there are several settlements

<sup>19</sup> First annual report of the directors of the Regina Agricultural Association, file no. 1057.

<sup>20</sup> File no. 1057.



such as Rose Valley, Kenlis, etc. that are near enough for exhibition work but too far away to benefit much from institute work unless meetings can be held among them; 2nd. The affiliation of other Associations with the central agricultural institute should be for institute work chiefly.<sup>21</sup>

The Indian Head Agricultural Society exemplified the foregoing plans outlined by Mr. MacKay.<sup>22</sup> About 1900 it offered prizes for essays on agricultural topics for discussion at 'institute' meetings. The first response provided one essay on weed control and two on the breeding and raising of horses for use on grain farms. Authors of such essays at that time included John P. Peters, Abernethy; R. C. Barwell, Saltoun; W. R. Motherwell, Abernethy; H. Alfred Lott, Kenlis; S. W. Bishop, Sintaluta and John Millar, Indian Head. Another contributor was Richard Waugh, well-known writer on agricultural topics. These essays were used as subjects for discussion at institute meetings; and several of such at Indian Head were unusually successful in respect to attendance and interest.

Angus MacKay was in demand as a speaker and gave generously of his time. At Broadview on October 24, 1900, it was reported that "Mr. MacKay gave some advice to farmers on the question of organization of an institute and pointed out what benefits could be derived from an association of this kind if the right spirit were put into the work".<sup>23</sup>

It seems natural that some agricultural societies should surpass others in their interest and effort as well as in the results achieved by them in institute work. That Grenfell was in this class may be inferred from a coaxing letter of the Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture who wrote as follows to the secretary of the Society on December 3, 1901:

The Department is aware that your Society has probably moved more actively in the matter of institute work than any other society in the North West Territories; and it would be of great assistance in the administration of this work if we can get complete returns as to what was done by the Grenfell Society in this respect.<sup>24</sup>

Even districts far from the seat of government and remote from railway services were not beyond reach, although distance was an important factor in providing speakers for them. An interesting report was made in 1900 by the Battle River Agricultural Society of Battleford, of which the following is an extract:

Had these meetings been held in the village, the attendance of members would have been incomparably greater; but the idea was to waken up the farmer's interest in the society which is anything but what it should be except when the idea of taking prizes comes uppermost. The first meeting [at residence of R. H. Speers, Eagle Hills, November 14] was not so successful as might be desired; but that at Bresaylor [November 28] was a decided triumph, and we hope will increase our membership. Could experts

<sup>21</sup> Department of Agriculture, file "Legislation, Agricultural Societies," Archives of Saskatchewan.

<sup>22</sup> See file no. 1037.

<sup>23</sup> File no. 1019.

<sup>24</sup> File no. 1035.



on any agricultural subject find it possible to include Battleford in their itinerary, there is not the slightest doubt of drawing crowded houses; but the district, which includes only two settlements outside of town, is perhaps so inconveniently small as to lower the sphere of usefulness beyond the paying point. If it could be done, it could not but be productive of great good.<sup>25</sup>

A need for greater financial support of the institute work of agricultural societies is indicated in a resolution of the Indian Head Agricultural Society passed early in 1899. The motion sent to Mr. Peterson was the original copy—in the handwriting of W. R. Motherwell and bearing his signature as the mover of it. The seconder was W. H. Stephens of Saltoun and Balcarres, and is as follows:

That we, the members of the Indian Head Agricultural Society, are strongly of the opinion that the local Government should pass an Ordinance at the coming Session that will give such financial recognition to farmers' institute work in connection with agricultural societies as will better ensure the satisfactory and efficient working of the same.<sup>26</sup>

The appointment of George Harcourt, B.S.A., editor of the *Nor'west Farmer* and subsequently Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Alberta, as Superintendent of Fairs and Institutes in the Territorial Department of Agriculture, was a recognition of government responsibility to provide leadership and direction of the increasingly important work of exhibitions and 'institutes' of the agricultural societies in an expanding agricultural economy. The need for such an appointment is indicated in the reports of the Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture. For example, his 1901 Report contained the following comment:

The principle of having the agricultural societies take care of institute work is one that is strongly upheld in every province in Canada . . . While it must, therefore, be admitted that the system adopted in the Territories—namely, the one set of societies through which the Department reaches and co-operates with the farmer—is along the lines to which the Provinces aim, it must also be admitted that the system is at fault so far as the organization of outside meetings is concerned. The difficulty could probably be overcome by allotting a specific area to each agricultural society and to leave it in the hands of the society to determine at what points therein institute meetings could advantageously be held and to appoint at least one practical director to take charge of institute work at each point selected. The Department could then communicate direct with these "institute directors" respecting such details . . .<sup>27</sup>

Half a century later and with far better facilities and greater resources, Extension Directors are not entirely free from the problems which troubled the men who struggled in an earlier period to provide agricultural information to new farmers.

F. H. AULD.

<sup>25</sup> File no. 1017.

<sup>26</sup> File "Legislation, Agricultural Societies".

<sup>27</sup> *Annual Report of the Department of Agriculture, N.W.T.* 1901, p. 110.



## DOCUMENTS OF WESTERN HISTORY: I

## Father Bruno's Narrative "Across the Boundary" Part IV.

In this issue we present the fourth and final installment of the account of Father Bruno Doerfler, O.S.B., describing the activities of the exploratory expedition of which he was a member and which resulted in the establishment of the St. Peter's Colony in central Saskatchewan by the German American Land Co. in association with the Catholic Settlement Society. The investigating party consisted of three Minnesota men in addition to Father Bruno: H. J. Haskamp of St. Cloud, Maurice Hoeschen of Freeport, and Henry Hoeschen of Melrose. From August 12th to September 4th, 1902, they travelled by train and buck-board across the prairie region of Alberta and Saskatchewan in search of a suitable area for their projected settlement.

Father Bruno's narrative was first published in 1903-04 in *The Record*, official publication of St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota. It provides an early, and in some instances probably the earliest, description of some parts of the country traversed by the expedition.

*The Editor.*

### THE FUTURE COLONY

On the morning of August 30, 1902, our party set out from Rosthern to investigate the district that had been so highly recommended by Mr. Gelley, of the Immigration office at Winnipeg. The preparations for the trip having required a longer time than we had anticipated, we did not get started before 10 o'clock. The road led eastward for a few miles and then turned in a southeasterly direction over a fine level prairie, well cultivated and partly covered with a splendid crop of grain which was about half cut. After we had travelled for six or eight miles, we found the soil getting lighter continually, as we were nearing the South Saskatchewan River. Near Rosthern, the settlers were all German Mennonites, but soon we came into a region settled principally by Galicians, who had taken homesteads within the last three or four years. When they arrived they had been poor as beggars, but now many of them were already well to do.

In about an hour and a half after setting out from Rosthern, we reached the banks of the river and were surprised to see what appeared a fine village on the opposite bank, with a good-sized Catholic church and a commodious residence for the pastor. Mr. Ens explained that this was the half-breed settlement of St. Laurent at Fish Creek. The ferryman, a half-breed named Fidler, took us across the magnificent river, which here has about the size of the Mississippi at St. Paul, for the usual fee of 15 cents per team. A steep climb on the opposite high bank brought us onto the plateau of the settlement. The latter consists of a single street running parallel to the river for a distance of several miles. The holdings of the half-breeds all extend to the river, having a width of only a few hundred yards and running back for two miles. Their houses are built along the street. Thus they secure the advantages of village life without the drawbacks of having their farms away from their dwellings. All the inhabitants are Catholics, and two priests, the Revs. Krist and Forner, O.M.I., reside in their midst. The latter has charge of the numerous Galicians and Hungarians in the surrounding country.

As we drove by the church, the Angelus bell rang, but we continued our journey towards the stream from which this settlement received its ordinary



appellation of Fish Creek. On the banks of this creek was fought the first battle between Gen. Middleton and the half-breeds in the second Riel Rebellion in 1885.

Before arriving at the creek, we turned eastward and drove through a magnificent country with rich black soil, nearly level and interspersed with beautiful groves of poplars. This would have been an ideal spot for founding a colony if all available government lands had not already been taken by Galicians.

About five or six miles from the river, the country became more rolling, though the soil in general was quite good. Mr. Ens explained that we were coming into the Menaginous Hills,<sup>1</sup> a range which extends from northwest to southeast for many miles. For a considerable distance we followed the western edge of this range on an old Hudson Bay trail. In the northeastern part of Township 40, Range 28, west of the second meridian, we stopped at the house of a Galician friend of Mr. Ens to feed the horses and to take dinner. The well contained excellent water, the garden had splendid vegetables, the house, though small and built of logs, was neat and clean. We were, therefore, not surprised to see that our hosts were happy in spite of their evident poverty.

After dinner we departed from the old trail and turned our faces directly towards the east. The country became more and more hilly and wooded, and the soil poorer. After driving for six or seven miles, our friend Moritz began to express a fear that the beautiful country promised us, existed only in Mr. Ens' imagination. That gentleman, however, advised him to hold his peace for a short time longer and then to judge for himself.

Suddenly we emerged from the hills and a beautiful panorama spread out before us. A plain, about six miles in diameter, lay before us, sloping uniformly towards its center which contained a circular lake over a mile in diameter,<sup>2</sup> whilst the outer edge of the plain seemed to rise gradually to the very summit of the chain of hills by which it seemed bounded. Small groves of poplars were scattered about on the plain in profusion. Mr. Ens halted the horses, jumped up and throwing down his coat cried out enthusiastically that any man who did not think this a splendid country would have to fight him. Needless to say, nobody picked up the gauntlet, for this was indeed a most splendid location for a colony. We all agreed that nothing finer could be found, provided the soil was of the right quality and provided the district was large enough.

We now headed for the only building in sight, the unfinished house of a Galician who had squatted on section 28, Township 40, Range 26, about a mile northwest of the lake. As we advanced we became more and more enamored with the district, for the soil was indeed of splendid quality. As the Galician had dug a well about twelve feet deep, we sampled the water, which we found very good. We noticed that the rich black soil was about two feet deep and underlain by yellow clay, separated into layers by occasional thin sheets of sand to the very bottom of the well.

<sup>1</sup> This name has been dropped from modern maps. *Ed.*

<sup>2</sup> Boucher Lake, southeast of Cudworth. *Ed.*



We had now driven about 40 miles and, as the afternoon was well advanced, Mr. Ens advised us to move on, since he wished to spend the night at Oliver's Ranch, near the old Hoodoo mail station, 12 miles further northeast.

We drove directly eastward for about two miles in what evidently was once a part of the lake bottom. Apparently the lake had formerly occupied this entire beautiful plain, but had in the course of time receded to its present bed which had no visible inlet or outlet and, as a result, undoubtedly contained salts in solution. On the north shore we noticed an elevation, several acres in extent, which was at one time an island and which was now covered by a fine growth of poplars. Closely adjoining were the decaying buildings of an abandoned ranch. The lake has since been christened St. Bonifatius Lake,<sup>3</sup> and within less than a year after our visit the village of Leofeld has risen on the southeastern slope of the lake.<sup>4</sup> The parish of Leofeld, under the efficient charge of Father Meinrad Seifermann, O.S.B., of St. John's now has an imposing church, splendidly furnished and equipped, a fine parsonage with ten rooms, a large school with an attendance of some 60 children, two stores and hotels, a smithy, etc. Altogether, the village forms an imposing appearance on account of its prominent location, being visible across the plain for a distance of from eight to ten miles.

Our way now led up the slope towards the northeast for several miles, and as we proceeded, our enthusiasm increased over the found treasure, for we found the soil to improve continually. When finally we arrived at the summit of the slope, we were greeted by a gently rolling plain, studded with beautiful groves and chrystal lakes. The soil on this plain was of the very choicest, for it was a deep black humus, covered with a heavy growth of peavine vegetation, an evident sign that it was entirely free from alkali. Several miles ahead we observed a prominent hill rising from the plain. For this hill we headed. At its foot we found a long, narrow lake containing good drinking water. An abandoned ranch stood on the wooded bank of the lake, and a fine spring burst forth in a wide deep ravine which ran in a northwesterly direction. The soil in this vicinity was still unsurpassed in quality.

Our course followed the west shore of the lake for some distance and then led across the plain in a northeasterly direction to Olivier's Ranch for four or five miles. We arrived at the ranch at sunset and were hospitably received by the owners. Our horses were stabled and a good supper prepared for ourselves. Mrs. Olivier, a very kind elderly lady, was delighted to see her old friend, Mr. Roy, and Mr. Pitet once again had an opportunity to have a chat in his native language, which caused him infinite delight. The rest of the party, however, had to take a second place, as the Oliviers were old country French and not conversant with English.

Olivier's Ranch lies on the northwest quarter of Section 15, in Township 41, Range 25, on an old surveyed Hudson Bay trail which runs from Ft. Qu'Appelle to the Touchwood Hills, and thence northwestward. About ten miles beyond

<sup>3</sup> Now Boucher Lake. *Ed.*

<sup>4</sup> Later abandoned with the building of the Prince Albert branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. *Ed.*



Olivier's Ranch the trail divides, one branch running northward to Prince Albert, and the other westward to Ft. Carleton on the North Saskatchewan River, whence the fur traders made their journeys to the extreme north. The ranch lies on the wooded banks of a little lake, which has some of the choicest water I have ever tasted. For this reason a hut had been erected here, where the stage formerly stopped over night. This hut was designated by the name Hoodoo Mail Station. The station had entirely disappeared, but the locality is still designated by the name Hoodoo, and a post office under that name was erected there last winter.

We continued our journey on the following morning after thanking our hosts for the excellent accommodations which they had furnished us. Our direction was almost due eastward. For about twelve miles we drove over a country similar to that over which we had travelled on the preceding afternoon. Next we rounded the north shore of a large lake in Range 24, close to the line between Townships 41 and 42. The east shore of this lake was quite heavily wooded, but towards the north the country was still open; towards the northeast the land became rolling and partly covered with brush. Mr. Ens wished to show us Basin Lake. Hence we followed a slight wagon trail which led into the rolling country. Soon we saw that another trail branched off towards the south. Mr. Ens told us that it led to the ranch of Mr. McKinzie, a Scotch rancher, who was leading a hermit life here at the very outskirts of civilization.

As we advanced, the land became more and more rolling, though generally the slopes were long and not too steep for agricultural purposes. The soil, which was exceedingly rich, was covered with a heavy growth of peavines so that the horses had considerable difficulty in drawing us over the ground. Much of the land was covered with young poplar brush. For three or four miles we continued our way over such ground when, having arrived at the top of a considerable elevation, we saw Basin Lake before us. It is a beautiful sheet of water, nearly circular, and covers about three fourths of a township. Mr. Ens told us that it is teeming with fish. Its shores are partly wooded and, altogether, the lake would make a splendid summer resort. To the east, we could see, through the woods, Middle Lake, another large body of water, said to be connected with Basin Lake by a small stream, whilst still farther east could be discerned, at a distance of about ten miles, Lake Lenore. This lake is about 15 miles long and two to three miles wide, teeming with fish and provided with an outlet, Goose Hunting Creek, which flows northward some thirty miles into the Carrot River.

Having stopped for some time on the brow of the elevation to survey the surroundings, we returned in order to stop for dinner at McKinzie's Ranch. The owner was not at home, so we took possession of the place. The horses were given hay, water was brought from the little well down by the hay-marsh, a fire was built in the yard, and we prepared the food we had brought along. We inspected the log house, which was not locked, probably because it contained but little worth carrying away. If Mr. McKinzie had been in possession of a housewife, we should undoubtedly have found his house in a more tidy condition. It sorely needed a thorough cleaning and putting in order.



After dinner we continued our trip. Our way led northward for about six miles, when we encountered the ranch of some Frenchman on the west shore of a small lake of fresh water. We stopped to slake the thirst of ourselves and the horses at the splendid spring which gushed forth in a ravine near the house, for the afternoon was very hot. Henceforth our road turned towards the west. After travelling a few miles onward, we came to the mission of Bonne Madone in Township 43, Range 25, only a short distance from Crooked Lake.

The mission consisted of a two-story log building, the lower part of which served as a parsonage, whilst the upper story was arranged for a chapel. It was in charge of two Fathers of the Canons of the Immaculate Conception, usually called the "White Fathers" in this part of the country. Neither of the Fathers was at home. Hence we did not tarry long, as Mr. Ens was anxious to reach Venne's Ranch, 15 miles further west, before nightfall, and it was now already four o'clock in the afternoon.

The drive of that afternoon will not easily be forgotten by any of the members of the party. The trail had evidently never been repaired and contained innumerable "chuck-holes". These did not prevent Mr. Ens from urging the horses on continually to a fast trot. As a result, we were jolted about unmercifully and had to hold onto the seats with both hands in order not to fly off into space. We agreed that we had never in our lives received such a shaking up as we received on that afternoon. It is almost a miracle that the springs of our rigs did not break. They were certainly of an extraordinarily good quality.

Soon after leaving the mission, we arrived at the shore of Crooked Lake, called also Lake Wakaw, in accordance with its denomination by the Indians. It is about 15 miles long and only from one fourth to three fourths mile wide, its length being extended from west to east and northeast. It lies in a ravine whose bottom it fills from side to side with pure crystal waters, which are alive with fine fish. The bottom of the lake consists of a bed of limestone rock which, being elevated somewhat at the eastern end of the lake, causes rapids to form at the point where the Carrot River flows from the lake. The lake is the source of this river, which flows in a northeasterly and easterly direction for about 175 or 200 miles, after which it empties into the Sipanok Channel of the great Saskatchewan River.

Our course lay near the south shore of the lake. The lay and quality of the land was still similar to what we had seen in the morning and on the preceding afternoon. We noticed, however, that scattered limestone boulders were more numerous the closer we approached to the lake. Undoubtedly they had been derived from the limestone ledge upon which the lake rests, and were transported across the plain by glacial agencies in bygone times. The country in this vicinity was fairly well settled, mostly by Galicians and Hungarians, who had taken up most of the homesteads. Many hundreds of Hungarians had settled in the vicinity of the head of Crooked Lake within the last two years, thus forming what they called "Magyarsfoeld Settlement". One of the Oblate Fathers at Fish Creek attended the spiritual wants of the Catholic majority among them once or twice



a month. To the north of Crooked Lake the country rises in a long, upward, well-wooded slope towards the Birch Hills. West and southwest of the lake, however, where we arrived about sunset, we found that a flat moist plain, evidently containing some alkali, extended for a considerable distance. In wet seasons, the northern portion of this plain undoubtedly gives its superfluous waters off to Crooked Lake, thus really forming the true head of Carrot River. The southern portion of the plain, however, contains a depression filled by a marshy lake, whose outlet flows westward through a great gap in the Menaginous Hills, which loomed up between us and the setting sun.

This gap, called Spring Valley, is a very peculiar topographical feature of the neighborhood. It is about half a mile wide and forms a continuation through the hills of the plain over which we were passing. Its sides are cut down abruptly through the hills, as if an immense stream of water had broken through and carried all in its way along. To the east and southeast of this gap the plain has low broad sand and gravel ridges. Evidently this entire formation is of glacial origin. When, at the close of the ice age, the ice sheet which covered the valley of the Saskatchewan and obstructed the present course of that river, had retreated beyond the site of Spring Valley, the waters dammed up to the south of the ice barrier, which formed a large lake whose outflow was by way of the present Qu'Appelle River, here broke through the Menaginous Hills, flooded the entire country over which we had driven since the afternoon of the preceding day, and sought another outlet, probably by way of Wolverine Creek and Last Mountain Lake, into the Qu'Appelle Valley. Later on, the retreating ice barrier permitted, for a short time, an outlet directly into Lake Agassiz through the present valley of the Carrot River. When finally the Saskatchewan found its present outlet upon the further recession of the ice, the great lake existing for hundreds of miles upward from Prince Albert in the valley of the river was rapidly drained, and soon the waters of the Hoodoo Plains flowed back through this gap in the Menaginous Hills, until the plain had become drained.

The ranch of Mr. David Venne, which is situated in the middle of this gap in the hills, was reached as the shades of darkness were falling upon the scene. We were hospitably received by the owner and his sister, who kept house for the proprietor. Mr. Venne Sr., the father of our host, a Frenchman from the old country, was just preparing to leave for his home, which he has made with another son, who lives but a few miles from Olivier's Ranch at Hoodoo.

We found Mr. and Miss Venne unusually well educated for people who had been living so far west for a quarter of a century. Mr. Venne is a graduate of St. Boniface College and his sister is also a graduate of an academy. Both are accomplished musicians. We spent a delightful evening with these good people. Beds were prepared for us in a log house which stood close by and which had served as their residence until their present fine frame house was built some years ago.

#### RETURN

After partaking of an appetizing breakfast on the following morning, we set out for Batoche, but not before we had inspected the powerful spring of excellent



water near the stables of the Venne Ranch. The road led through the gap in the hills and then over a country which is not near as inviting as that which we had seen in the Hoodoo Plains. Marshes and lakes are indeed numerous, but everywhere traces of alkali are visible for a considerable distance. One lake in particular seemed to have extraordinarily poor water. It is designated by the euphonious name of Stinking Lake, a name which is singularly appropriate, for we detected it by its stench long before we got near it.

As we approached to within seven or eight miles of Batoche, we reached the Batoche Indian reservation, which covers about a township of very good land. The aborigines on this reservation seem to have made great strides towards civilization, for they live in very good log houses which are neatly white-washed and whose cornices and window-frames are mostly set off in red and blue, thus displaying the American national colors. Most of the Indians have fine herds of beautiful cattle and large numbers of scrubby ponies. They also cultivate the soil to some extent and produce excellent crops of grain.

Mr. Ens pointed out to us a lone hill rising up from the plain near the reservation. He said that this was the spot where the well-known Indian outlaw Almighty Voice and his two companions were besieged by soldiers and citizens for several days and finally shot . . .

Soon after crossing the reservation we reached the half-breed settlement of Batoche, where the second Riel Half-breed Rebellion was finally crushed in a bloody battle in 1885. The village is named after one of the most influential half-breeds in the West, who had accumulated large sums of money by trading and whose palatial house in the village is probably one of the largest private residences ever built in the Territories previous to the twentieth century. It is now used as a post of the Mounted Police.

The village of Batoche has a good-sized Catholic church with a resident pastor who attends to the spiritual wants of the half-breeds and Indians of the vicinity. It is also connected by telegraph with Duck Lake.

After crossing the Saskatchewan once more, we drove over a beautiful fertile plain, dotted with fine poplar groves, to the town of Duck Lake on the railroad line about six or eight miles distant from Batoche, arriving shortly before noon. Here we stabled the horses and took dinner at the King's Hotel. The town is a thriving one and had about 300 inhabitants at the time of our visit. It has a Catholic church and resident pastor. In addition it has a magnificent industrial school for Indian children, founded in the autumn of 1894 by Father Paquette. This school is looked upon with pride by all the inhabitants of Saskatchewan, no matter to what creed they belong. Father Paquette has indeed performed wonders in the eight years of his administration.

In the afternoon we leisurely drove the twelve miles south to Rosthern. On the following morning, September 2, we took the train for the south. Breakfast was taken at Saskatoon at 8.00 A.M. and then the train slowly pulled across the bridge. Twelve miles further south we stopped for a few minutes at Dundurn, a



little village growing up in the middle of a very fertile district. Apparently all the houses had been erected within the last twelve months, for all appeared quite new. A few miles south of Dundurn we saw the last farm house. For 125 miles we then rode over an undulating country composed of glacial drift, which seemed to be not of the best quality. Not a house, not a tree or shrub, not a lake or slough could be seen. The railroad had been built for 12 years across this country and still there seemed to be nobody who had sufficient faith in it to settle here. Our wheezy old locomotive bumped along leisurely until dinner time, when it stopped at Craik, where a station, telegraph office and eating house stood; nothing else except the boundless prairie was at sight. Sidings there were indeed about every ten miles, but beyond the side track and a sign board with the name of some future station, nothing could be seen there. The only exception, besides Craik, was at Davidson, which boasted of a hotel and a land office.

Finally, at Lumsden, we reached the Qu'Appelle River. Here we found a village with about 400 inhabitants. Just one year later, I again travelled over this same country between Dundurn and Lumsden. At every siding considerable towns had grown up, and settlers' cabins dotted the great plain. Many thousands of human beings now lived where twelve months before the antelope and the coyote had roamed undisturbed by man.

Lumsden lies in the deep river valley of the Qu'Appelle River, which was the bed of the Saskatchewan at that glacial period when the ice still blocked the present outlet of that great river. The valley resembles very much, in size and appearance, the Minnesota River Valley.

Having ascended the south banks of the valley, we rode for 18 miles over the level, rich, well-tilled plain to Regina. Here we had time to take supper before the train for Winnipeg arrived. As, on the following morning, the light of dawn appeared, we had already passed Portage la Prairie and were nearing Winnipeg. We expressed our extreme satisfaction over what we had seen and our sincere gratitude for the many favors shown us by the Immigration Department to its head, Commissioner J. Obed Smith, to Mr. Gelley, and to Mr. Roy. In the afternoon we bid adieu to our friends, Mr. Roy and Mr. Pitet. At 2.10 P.M. we boarded the southbound train of the Great Northern. The boundary was passed a few hours later, and we were again on Uncle Sam's territory. Before dawn of September 4, I stepped off the train at Collegeville, to find that a heavy hoar frost had covered everything with its snowy whiteness, a phenomenon I had not seen during my entire trip in the northern country with whose name I had formerly associated hardly anything but cold and snow.

Our tour of inspection had terminated successfully. A meeting of the gentlemen who had the promotion of the proposed colony at heart, was called a few days later. The Rt. Rev. Abbot and the Very Rev. Prior of St. John's attended. A number of gentlemen formed a corporation to purchase 100,000 acres of the best railroad land within the selected district, in order to reserve it for the colony. The Benedictines undertook to furnish priests for the colony, the Catholic Settlement Society agreed to furnish settlers for the free homestead lands within the



limits of the colony. Work was at once begun with all possible energy. The number of applications for homesteads soon became so great that, during the following winter, it was decided to extend the limits of the colony to the eastward. At the same time the Benedictines of Cluny Priory in Illinois, who were desirous of removing to a more healthful location, assumed the pastoration of the colony. In the following spring an immense influx of settlers followed. Many, of course, were disheartened by the hardships and difficulties of a new settlement in the wilderness and returned. Others, however, took their place. St. Peter's Colony, as the settlement is called, is now well established. Nearly 2,000 settlers are living contentedly upon their homesteads. The Canadian Northern Railway has built its main line through the entire colony, placing half a dozen stations within its limits, one of which, Humboldt, is a division point. Nine Fathers have charge of the ten parishes and missions which already have erected churches. Schools have been erected everywhere and the beginnings of a college has been made at the Priory. The only German Catholic newspaper in Canada is published in the colony, and all signs point to a magnificent success of this, the greatest Catholic colonization venture ever undertaken in America.

## DOCUMENTS OF WESTERN HISTORY: II

### The Diary of Arthur Rowe Miller

Arthur Rowe Miller was born in Exeter, England, about 1857. Possessed of unusual musical talent, he attended the Royal Academy of Music in London, but poor health forced him to discontinue his studies, and in 1881 he sailed for Canada in search of health and employment. Late in April he reached Winnipeg, and about a month later joined a survey party headed by John McLatchie, D.L.S. The account of his experiences during that year forms the substance of this diary.

The year following his adventures with the surveyors, the author was joined by his brother, Ernest Miller, and the two took up land near Scissor Creek, being the first settlers in the Rocanville district. A few years later Arthur Miller moved across the valley to the Spy Hill district where he farmed for some forty-five years. He died in Regina on April 19, 1942.

This diary was brought to the Editor's attention by Mrs. Florence Barker of Spy Hill. It is reproduced here through the co-operation of Mr. Walter Miller of Spy Hill and Mr. Eric Miller, Q.C., of Regina, son and nephew respectively of Arthur Rowe Miller.

*The Editor.*

EMERSON, Manitoba. April 25, 1881: Arrived here safe and sound. Left Liverpool on the 7th in the *Circassian*; arrived at Halifax on the 17th and reached here yesterday, after a railway journey (according to my railway ticket) of 2,736 miles. I like the American railway cars; they are very comfortable. All the engines carry a big bell like a chapel bell, and they toll nearly all day long. They stop very frequently to take in water, and then everybody who likes gets out and walks about. As soon as the bell tolls all scramble in as fast as possible, as they are not at all particular about leaving you behind. Halifax is a poor dirty looking place, the railway-station being the only decent building I saw there. All the way to Montreal the ground was covered with snow. The railway runs under sheds in the exposed places. The country has a very desolate look after English scenery. Nearing Toronto, the country looked more civilized and prosperous. At Sarnia the train was pushed into a huge ferry and taken across the river



Detroit. I was much surprised at the amount of shipping on the lakes. Several of the towns appeared like seaports. At Chicago we had to wait some hours. It is a splendid city; in everything except size it seemed equal to London. The streets are 99 ft. wide between the pavements, and perfectly straight. A regular paradise for telegraph wires; I counted 100 on one side of the street, and there appeared as many on the other. The streets are a foot deep in slush, and the wooden sidewalks are dangerous to walk about on but the traffic is tremendous, like London on a busy day. Traces of the fire are still visible. Chicago is the cheapest place I've come across so far. For 20 cents (10d) I had a beefsteak, potatoes, pudding, bread and butter and two cups of tea. The next important station was St. Paul's, a bustling little town about the size of Tiverton. All the way from Halifax to St. Paul's there is forest on all sides, nothing but trees, trees everywhere. After St. Paul's comes the prairie, at first pretty and rolling, but then for 100 miles a grass plain as flat as a table. Not a tree, shrub, or bush; not a mound as big as a loaf. You can hardly fancy what a desolate and deserted look it has. When you pass a stream there are a few trees and a little scrub; but streams seemed few and far between in the Minnesota prairies. On nearing Manitoba the scenery gets a little more varied, and just at the boundary, the railway strikes the Red River where there is some timber. Emerson is just over the border, a growing place. Most of the houses are of wood, and of all shapes and sizes. The weather is lovely.

April 29th: The streets are mere tracks, with wooden sidewalks; mud deep and tenacious. The Red River is a fine stream, about the size of the Thames at Putney. At present it is higher than usual at this time of year. This place teems with frogs, big ones. They are all over the streets and walks; some of the people eat them. Mechanics are in great demand here, and high wages are paid. Everybody seems pushing ahead, and bustle and activity prevails everywhere.

May 15th: The weather here is delightful, just like the very best English weather; and the way things grow is surprising. The prairie is covered with wild pansies and strawberry blossoms, and looks very pretty especially where the old grass has been burnt off. Most of the land about here is grass prairie, with some scrub and a little timber. As there has been no attempt to make roads or streets, the mud after rain is something frightful, right up to the horses' girths; and you must keep to the sidewalks or else get lost in the mud. Everybody invests in land here or takes some up. I have just been offered a farm of 360 acres for 50 dollars down and 50 more in 12 months. This is in the Red River Valley, and only 10 miles from the Dominion City Railway station. I have met several young Englishmen who came out last year; they are well content with their prospects. There are lots of mosquitoes here today for the first time. At present their bite is not at all dreadful. I am told they are not at all troublesome when there is a breeze. A young Englishman with whom I have become intimate says that he did not find the winter less endurable than in England, and that if he hadn't seen the thermometer when at 15 degrees below zero he would not have believed it possible, as many a time had felt the cold more at home in England. The scenery is tame and flat, but the weather is delightful; and so far, I think 'tis a jolly country and I like it.



WINNIPEG. May 29th: I came here on Thursday last. Emerson was a nice little place, except the mud. I was very comfortable there and made several friends. The people were hearty and kindly. The weather is getting very hot; on Friday it was 90 in the shade. My impressions of the country after being here a month—the scenery awfully dull and depressing until one gets used to it—no trees, no hills, but flat, flat, and wet swamp. They say that further West the country is much prettier and more diversified. No doubt the land will grow anything, and things grow as much here in one week as they do at home in six. The whole face of the country is completely changed since I came. The art of farming as practised here seems very simple, and farming is the only way of getting on here unless one has a trade of some sort. Steady intelligent mechanics cannot well help getting on here, as wages are high, work abundant, and living cheap. The flies are very troublesome here; there seems millions of them. The mosquitoes have all disappeared this week; their bite worries more than hurts you, but of course I have not been out on the prairie much so have not seen them at their worst. I don't like Winnipeg at all; It's just old enough to be dirty, and smells dreadfully. Water is very scarce. There are many fine buildings and splendid shops, but I shall get away from it as soon as possible. I intend to go out West, shall, if possible, join one of the Government Surveys. 'Tis very rough life from what I can gather; one has to be often wading through swamps, ponds, etc., and to sleep in wet blankets but it is healthy and no one takes cold. I think this must be true, for I have slept on bare ground several nights by way of experiment, and already I am feeling much stronger and harder than when I left home.

June 9th: Got my first letter from home last Saturday. I can scarcely express how glad I was to get it. I was beginning to feel lost and out of the world. Now I feel quite at home. The journey only took 17 days, so it is not so very dreadful after all. Since my last letter I have engaged myself to a Surveyor. We have for the last week been surveying in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, but next week we start for a six months' survey out west. Our work lies out near Wood Mountains, about 600 miles west from this place. The life will, no doubt, be rough, but I shall see the country, and many of the settlements on our way out, and the experience will pay for the discomfort.

Mr. McLatchie, the Surveyor, seems a very pleasant man, knows the country well, and I have no fear that the hardships will be unendurable. All I hope is that it won't be very wet, as wading about in water up to your chest all day long is not always pleasant. We go into camp on Monday to get everything in proper trim and working order, and then good-bye to beds and decent living until after Christmas. This will be roughing it in real earnest, and I should think if I can stand this I shall be able to stand anything. I have been down to Emerson for a couple of days, and deposited my things. I'd much rather live there than here; it is quieter, cleaner and the boarding is nicer for the money. Travelling here in wet weather is very slow work. An English party took from 8 a.m. till 1 p.m. getting the length of Main street, Emerson, a distance of about 500 yards and then only by hitching all six yoke of oxen to one waggon at a time. . . There are sloughs . . . and mud-holes, which require experience to avoid, and if not avoided



—well, mud and vexation. In our survey last week I came across a farm which looked very thriving and prosperous. I got into conversation with the farmer; he had been there about a year and half. Before that he had been silk and ribbon salesman at Welch, Margetson and Co's., Cheapside. He told me he was brought up in London, had been in the rag-trade all his life, and had never been on a farm or handled a plough before coming here. I think from the way he spoke it would take a great deal to bring him back to the rag-trade again. Boarding houses are very rough here, and pay as much as you like it's just the same. Swearing is truly awful; I never heard of, or could possibly imagine, anything half so bad. Out in the bush, too, the mosquitoes are very thick and very annoying. To keep them off, one has to rub pork fat over the exposed part of his flesh.

FORT ELLICE. July 2nd: I have had a fortnight of it; we got this far on our journey. Altogether there are 14 of us, 11 horses, 8 red river carts and a buggy—quite a caravan. During our first night in camp there was a tremendous thunder-storm; the rain came through the tents and drenched everything. It was very miserable sleeping in wet blankets. There was rain all next day, and the roads were too bad to start. The following day it dried a bit, and we started—Cook Bill, an old stager, on horseback in front to pick out the road. Then the 8 carts, one man to each, the buggy next with 4 in it, and I bringing up the rear on horseback; rather I should say pony-back. My Indian pony, Bijou, well deserves his name. We parted company two or three times at first, for you know my experience on horseback was very limited indeed. Now however we get along capitably . . . For 9 days the weather was fine and track good; then we had a thunder-shower, and the mud in places was quite 3 feet deep. When a horse or cart gets stuck in the mud all have to tug and pull to get it out. You can picture the condition one gets in after a day of this sort of travelling. There is not much to describe in the scenery through which we have passed, sometimes level prairie, sometimes rolling; pretty in some places, but mostly dull and monotonous, and after passing Rapid City (50 houses) the scenery changes and gets very English-like, and at Bird Tail Creek you would fancy yourself in Devonshire. We have travelled about 20 miles a day, resting on Sundays, when I do my washing in the morning, read and write a little in the afternoon, and stroll about shooting in the evening. Wild ducks are plentiful, and we generally kill enough one day to last us the next. We breakfast at 6, start at 7, travel till 12. Dinner and rest till half-past 2, on again till 7. It's getting dark, and we are about to cross the Assiniboine River. There is a ferry here, so I must finish my notes tomorrow.

Sunday, July 3rd: Most of the party lost their temper last night: we had to wait for the ferry a long time in pouring rain. Nothing but mud, water and mosquitoes for 6 hours. Add to this that we didn't get across the river till after dark, that nobody could find the candles, that we had had no dinner, that the cook couldn't find half the things for supper, that the horses were all covered with mosquitoes and wouldn't stand still an instant, and that we had to unharness horses, pitch things out of carts—wet through—in pouring rain, mosquitoes biting one in every conceivable place—and in the dark—how could one well be in a good temper? However, I slept soundly enough, and today the weather is lovely—



90 in the shade, so everything will soon be dry again. This is a fine free life altogether, riding and shooting; but for the wet it would be splendid and it's a good way to see the country.

GREAT PLAIN OF THE SOURIS. July 17th: We came here on Friday. This is an enormous grass plain—nothing but grass anywhere—not a stick 2 feet high. We have to commence work here, and have been scouring the country round for wood for posts. One party started on Friday and returned on Sunday without finding any. Another party was sent off immediately, and returned on Tuesday having found some about 38 miles distant. This is not a pleasant place. There has been a continual thunderstorm ever since we came. Monday night the lightning never ceased a second, and the thunder was to match. The mosquitoes were horribly bad. Spear grass, which is something like wild oats, works right through boots, stockings, trousers, and everything. Our blankets are full of prickles. The rain has come down in torrents—no tents can ever resist it—everything we have is saturated. On the whole it's a pretty rough job. Yet I must say that I feel well and strong so that the climate, if unpleasant, must be healthy.

DIRT HILLS, N.W.T. September 10th: I've had no chance of writing since July. We are more than 200 miles from the nearest post office. We are now in a very rough country—between the Souris and the Boundary Line—west to Wood Mountains. It consists of hills, valleys and lakes so close together that there is scarcely two chains of level land in one place. The lakes are generally too deep to wade through. The Souris has been very troublesome; we have had to cross it 24 times. Game is very abundant here—one might kill enough in a week to last the winter. Of course, it's a rough life, and there are many unpleasant things to put up with, but the climate is so healthy, and the weather is so lovely that I feel as if I could stand anything. We walk from 12 to 20 miles a day. I never was so well in my life, and I feel every day that I have enjoyed it. On Sunday, September 4th, we had a severe frost; the ice was an inch thick. It killed all the flies. They trouble us no more. Certainly in June, July and August, the mosquitoes and flies are very grievous. We shall be on the homeward trail in about 6 weeks, I hope, unless our last bit of country proves more troublesome than the rest.

SEPTEMBER 18th: The country gets rougher and the lakes bigger. The scenery would be splendid if there were any trees, but there isn't a bush 2 feet high. The Indians about here are a very quiet, honest race. They are not pleased with the Marquis of Lorne. The blankets he has distributed among them are only about half the size of those given by Lord Dufferin.

NOVEMBER 9th: Finished our survey today. Cook reported that the provisions were exhausted. Late in the evening saw some buffaloes.

NOVEMBER 10th: The boss, I and two others started at daybreak to track the buffaloes. Came in sight of them at 10 o'clock—2 miles off. Crawled on hands and knees through sticky mud for half an hour, till I thought my arms would drop off, but were unable to get within shot. Crawled back again and made a long detour, and at last came within 50 yards of them. They were 9 bulls. The boss had a Winchester rifle, I a Colt's revolver, the other two pistols. We agreed to



fire at the same time, but I was so interested in watching them that I forgot to fire until the others had fired. One bull dropped, and the others scampered off, the boss firing at them as they retreated. I rushed down to the one that had fallen and fired into him, when he nearly jumped down my throat and scampered off after the rest, but no faster than I could run. Sandy and I went after him firing when we could. As I fired my last barrel the buffalo fell dead. The boss coming up we found that the only knife we had was a small pen-knife. With this, after great difficulty, we succeeded in cutting out the tongue, but in attempting to cut the hide the knife broke, so that the tongue was all we could carry back. 'Twas now 3 o'clock, and we were 16 miles from camp. We had only one slice of bread among the four. Got back to camp on the Poplar River about 8 p.m. dead beat and went to bed supperless.

November 11th: Sent off a cart early to bring in the buffalo. Found only a few bones—the wolves had eaten it. Brought back the bones and made broth of them.

November 12th: Started for Wood Mountains. Settlement 16 miles off. A snow-storm came on about 3 o'clock, and we lost the trail; wandered about till 12 p.m. then camped; began to blow a blizzard. No food all day.

November 13th: Blizzard all day. Thermometer went down to 44 below zero.

November 14th: Remained in camp, blizzard blowing all day, no food, no fire. 29 below zero.

November 15th: Blizzard cleared up at noon. Got to Wood mountain settlement 10 p.m., had a good stew of peas, turnips and buffalo meat.

November 16th: All ill, except self and boss; loaded carts with wood, flour, onions, and buffalo meat.

November 17th: Started for Fort Ellice at 10 a.m.; made 18 miles very heavy travelling, snow 2 feet deep. 20 below zero. One man had his ears and toes frozen.

November 18th: Nice day, sun warm at noon, melted the surface of snow, which immediately froze and made a crust of ice an inch thick.

November 19th: Made only 12 miles, crust on snow cut our mocassins and horses' feet badly, tied old flour bags round horses' feet and our own.

November 20th: Sunday rested all day.

November 21st: Made 24 miles in "Dirt Hills"; frightful travelling, snow in some places 3 feet deep. Camped on edge of Souris plain.

November 22nd and 23rd: Blizzard both days, thermometer 35 below zero.

November 24th: Blizzard cleared up. Tents, carts everything buried in snow-drift. Horses nowhere to be found. Dug out tents and went in search of horses, found them in "Dirt Hills" 9 miles off; started at 3 p.m. and made 8 miles.

November 25th: Reached "Shell Creek"; first wood met with since starting; loaded up. Met a man freighting hardware for Hudson's Bay Company. His store of food was entirely exhausted. We sold him a bag of flour for 12 dollars.



November 26th and 27th: Made 33 miles in 2 days, horses began to play out.

November 28th: Made 16 miles. One horse played out; had to put his load on the others. Just as we camped, saw a stray horse. Boss went out by night and lassoed him.

November 29th and 30th: Two fine days. Only about 14 degrees of frost; made 33 miles.

December 1st: Made 16 miles. Snowed a little in the morning; got very cold at noon; came to a snowstorm just as we camped. Had great difficulty to get the horses along.

December 2nd: Snowstorm continued; confined to camp.

December 3rd: Went 16 miles, snow  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep.

December 4th: Sunday—Last night the wolves got at our meat and ate about 50 pounds, so we have to go on short rations; went 18 miles.

December 5th: Terribly hard work getting through the snow. Bijou, my horse, began to play out. They had to scratch for their grub in the snow; no wonder they played out. Made 17 miles.

December 6th: Made 17 miles. Got to Moose Mountain. Had two meals of bread. Camped at 12 p.m. We had only been able to get along at the rate of one mile an hour.

December 7th: Made 16 miles. Got to Pipestone Creek at 8 p.m. and it took us till 2 o'clock in the morning getting up Pipestone hill. Had no food all day.

December 8th: Started at 6 a.m. and went along till one horse dropped, rested 2 hours, and started again. In half-an-hour my horse gave out, and the Boss said I had better leave him; but Bijou and I have been such good friends for the last 6 months that I determined not to leave him, as we were only 15 miles from Fort Ellice. All the others went on, and I was left to myself. I poured a little oil down the horse's throat, and made a fire with some wood they left me, and in about an hour Bijou revived a little, and then I gave him the small bag of hay that had served me for a bed. About 4 o'clock, just as it was getting dark, we started. I found it a long, lonely 15 miles; but I got to Ellice just at midnight, completely done up, having been two days without food and walked 46 miles. However, the cook had soup and tea ready, and I soon recovered, and am now feeling none the worse for the journey.

This is a wonderfully healthy country. At Wood Mountain settlement I weighed 20 pounds heavier than when I started in June, but I have lost 11 pounds during the last 3 weeks. The house here feels warm and comfortable after the tent, and I didn't know there was so much comfort in a feather pillow as there is. I intend to remain here for a short time in order to explore the settlement about Bird Tail Creek which was so much like Devonshire when I passed that way in June. The Boss with the rest of the party are gone to Winnipeg which they will probably reach in a fortnight. The Boss is one of the very best men I have ever



met with. Never once lost his temper, always took pot-luck with the rest, kind and agreeable to everyone. He was thoroughly up to his work and well understood the country, but for him we should all have starved to death for certain when out near Wood Mountain. He commanded the respect of all the party, and I shall respect him as long as I live. This is a short summary of our work. We chained 706 miles, walked 3003, and travelled by cart 3056 miles, killed 385 ducks, 50 prairie chickens, 4 geese, 1 buffalo, 3 deer, 3 mink, 1 badger, 3 fox, 1 wolf, 7 skunk, and snipe without number. Out of the 7,000 odd square miles our survey extended over there was no really good land, as where there was good land there was no timber, and where we found timber, the land was poor. The water over the whole district was bad, being either alkali or bitter; what kind of water could be had by digging I can't tell. Around the Dirt Hills and Wood Mountains the country is one vast coalfield. On Big Muddy Creek we found seams from 7 to 24 ft. thick in the face of the cliff. This part of the country seems only fit for the buffalo. By saying there was no really good land in the district included in our survey, I only mean that little, if any, contained the three requisites sought for by settlers—rich soil, good water, and a sufficient supply of timber. That there is, however, abundance of land to be found in the North-West where these conditions are combined is beyond a doubt. The coal we saw so plentiful that when the country is more opened up, and the railway system, which is being pushed forward with great vigour and energy, becomes developed, it will doubtless be a source of wealth and a great factor in the future of the country. They say here that the weather we experienced on our homeward journey was not very bad for this part of the year—the great plain of the Souris being regarded as the bleakest and coldest district in the North-West. We all found it pretty rough travelling. On July 27th it was 98 in the shade; on the coldest, November 13th, 40 below zero. Except during the blizzard and snowstorms, I did not find the cold to be more unpleasant than at home. There may be more cold in store, however, as January and February I hear are generally the coldest months. Another thing I am told is that newcomers to the Colony never feel the cold the first winter as they do afterwards.



## RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES

### Pioneer Days in the Graytown District

by MRS. EDITH C. STEWART

The following recollections form part of a manuscript written by Mrs. Edith C. Stewart of Regina, describing her childhood experiences in the Graytown and Arcola districts, a copy of which has been deposited in the Archives Division, Legislative Library. Graytown School District No. 906 was established on October 19, 1903, and is located in the north-east corner of the Rural Municipality of Golden West, close to Windthorst.

*The Editor.*

GRAYTOWN was not, and never became a town or even a village. A school which was built in 1903 needed a name. Mr. Gray, one of the earliest settlers, added town to his name and so the school became Graytown and we all became residents of the Graytown district. The original Graytown school has been replaced by a modern building. The old one was tall with a steeply pitched roof, and was certainly exposed to the full blast of winter winds as it sat on its draughty base. Five long narrow windows facing the north and one the south provided the light. They were so high off the floor that little eyes, eager for a glimpse of the outside, could only see by climbing on a bench and standing on tiptoe. Outside activities certainly never were the cause for distraction, unless it was a bird on the wing.

The room was heated by a pot bellied stove which was stoked by one of the older boys from the wood pile in the porch. The tall peaked roof had to be warmed before any heat reached pupils and teacher. Small cold hands found it difficult to write on icy slates, holding equally icy slate pencils. The nerve jarring scrape of pencil on slate was probably more evident on those cold mornings. Many mornings the entire enrolment gathered around the red hot stove. There their faces burned like rosy apples while their backs remained cold. The heater must have nearly melted in its effort to provide warmth. One thing was modern in the classroom, we had green chalk boards.

The pupils carried their lunches to school in syrup pails or lard cans, five or ten pound size, depending on the number attending from the home. Naturally they were filled with only simple food, egg or meat sandwiches with jam once in a while for a treat. Cookies or a tart completed the diet. The pails were stacked on the bench at the back of the room. In winter the contents often had to be thawed out. It never took too long to down the food after the dismissal bell rang at twelve. A swallow of water from the ironstone crock sitting in the corner washed it down and everyone was off outside to play.

The playgrounds were not well equipped, except with space, nor was there a supervisor. The teacher with her several grades was much too busy to spend time outside. However, the pupils had enough originality to whip up something that included all ages and sizes. The games were strenuous, leaving all breathless and glad to return to the classroom on a hot summer day or to the warmth of the heater in winter. They all sat in double seats, well carved by the boys' jackknives and scribbled over with the girls' pencils.



Graytown school was the heart of the community. There the youngsters learned the three R's. There the fourth R, namely religion, was taught too. Mr. Johnston was superintendant for many years, and while he must have been young when he started I remember him as a white haired, rosy cheeked, plump gentleman whose family were the backbone of religious training in the district. They, along with the Roys, the Fishers, the Du Russels and Chases provided the summer congregation with a choir.

Student ministers preached from behind the teacher's long narrow table. One Sunday we listened to a Presbyterian service, and the next to a Methodist. Sometimes the listeners were not aware of any difference. The only clue they had was the color left around small infants' mouths where they had chewed on the hymn books. If the service had been conducted by the Presbyterian student the mouths were red. Methodist hymn books were black and didn't leave too much evidence. A United Church of Canada was in Graytown long before it became an accomplished fact.

The organizations that grew out of the needs of prairie people held their meetings there. The people of Windthorst journeyed by horse and sleigh to present plays during the first World War. The children's Christmas programmes drew all: parents, relatives and bachelors. Farewells were held for those who were leaving the district and farewells for those whose spirit had gone and only the body remained. The people built the school. Their money kept it in repair, and they used it for any purpose that served their needs.

Among the first of the ordained ministers to serve in the Graytown area was Rev. S. A. Harry, a young man who came from England, and who has spent all his years in carrying on the work to which he dedicated himself. He brought with him his bride, who had lived a sheltered life in an English city. The church board located an empty house in Graytown in which they made their home. It was along the same row of sections as dad's, so there was a line of little cottages, Uncle Flav's, dad's, aunt Maude's and Mr. Harry's.

Mrs. Harry spent many lonely hours there while her husband went the rounds of his three appointments, Graytown, Windthorst and Lost Horse. Prairie folk felt there could not be a place more safe and tried to reassure her. I can recall carrying milk to her and sitting a while. Even a mite in a red coat must have looked good to her. Sundays were her longest days, and especially in the winter when travel was slower and risks of becoming lost were greater. A woman alone could easily worry herself sick had she not a great courage.

Mrs. Harry still can vividly tell of one winter Sunday, for it is still etched sharply in her mind. Darkness fell long before she expected her husband. The only light she had was a dim glimmer from a kerosene lantern. It was squat, it was smoky, filling the house with its fumes. It was a filthy thing to clean and fill with oil and when light this particular one had its illumination further diminished by a patch. Sometimes while carrying the lantern in the frosty air the glass would crack and a complete piece fall out of it. The remedy should have been a new glass, but the stores were seventeen miles away, and besides money was not



plentiful. A piece of brown paper, slightly larger than the hole was covered with a paste made of flour and water and then placed on the glass, covering over the gap. After it dried, the lantern was good for many more nights. In fact a patched one seemed to last longer than a new one. Howling coyotes increased her loneliness. The weird chorus carried so clearly in the frosty air. She tried to write a letter to her folks, but she couldn't make it sound too happy, so gave up. Finally in desperation she began rattling the wash tubs for Monday wash. At least the racket of the pans covered the coyotes wail. Finally after having opened the door many times, she heard the jingle of chains and Mr. Harry's cheery whistle.

Prairie wives often found the day lonely too when their men were hauling grain to market, or going to the mountains to haul home the year's supply of fuel. In the early years the closest elevator was at Grenfell, thirty miles away. It took two days for that trip, and the chores must be done by the wife and the children if there were any old enough to help. If they weren't, then they had to be left alone in the house with kerosene lamps and wood fires while mother did the necessary barn work.

The trip to the hills for poles began the night before. While mother packed a large wooden box with food, dad doubled up his sleigh bunks, tied up feed for the horses, and horse blankets. Long before the sun rose the next morning, dad had fed and harnessed his team, eaten his own breakfast, tied a bundle of bedding and lunch on the sleigh, and was away on the long cold trip. No one knew what the weather forecast was, he just took what came along. He was warmly clad in Stanfield woolens, home knit socks and mittens, warm caps and sheepskin lined coat.

There were falls when harvest was completed early and the wood pile was in the yard before the snow was deep. More often it was done in bitter winter. By then the trees were more difficult to get at with snow piled deeply around them. Dad looked for tall trees, straight and sparsely limbed, and on finding a good bluff, he unhitched the team, blanketed them, and tied them to a tree. They munched away on their hay, nibbled snow and gradually became restless as they grew chilly, waiting on their teamster. Swinging his axe briskly at first, dad soon laid low the best of the trees. The branches were trimmed off next, and poles were piled on the sleigh. While he worked, his chilled body warmed, and piece by piece his outer garments were removed. Soon he was sweating, and the axe flashed through the air slower and slower.

The lunch box was of course full of frozen food by the time it was noon. A fire was kindled using the small branches and a jam can of snow was melted over it so he could make tea. Sometimes the first can had to be emptied out, if he had scooped up snow where a rabbit had been. The sandwiches were toasted on a forked stick, over the coals, and how good the hot tea and food tasted.

Time was short, for darkness fell early and it wasn't long until the axe was ringing again as it bit into the poplars. When he finally had his load high enough, dad headed the team towards the nearest home in the mountain. There he knew



he would find a welcome, and shelter for himself and horses. In all likelihood the floor of the home would be covered with others who were there on the same errand. In this home he slept, ate some more of his lunch in the early morning, and then began the return trip. Sometimes a blizzard had developed overnight and the roads were blown in.

It is little wonder that dad suffered with rheumatism in his earlier years on the farm. Woolens were warm but didn't keep out the bitter cold when he was exposed hours at a stretch. Warm when cutting wood, chilled when riding on the load, and tired to exhaustion when he walked behind in the tracks that weren't made to be walked in. The endurance of the farmers was tested to the limit. A storm made the whole thing a nightmare. Snow smothered the horses, the driver, and obliterated the trail. The winds chilled man and beast to the marrow. Dad would sit on the load and beat his arms to keep circulation going and then climb down and walk or rather tramp in the loose snow. Swinging his arms across his chest stepped up the sluggish circulation but was tiring. Beating his hands together kept them from freezing but they were still stiff and clumsy.

It was a happy day for all when the last load of grain was hauled and the final load of wood piled in the yard. The poplar poles cured in the winter sun and frost and wind. They were cut into stove lengths by dad or the hired man if we happened to have one. The bucksaw was sharpened many times before that chore was finished. The lengths cut by the hired man were frequently too long—that way he cut a pole up more quickly!

The wood burned merrily in the Old Home Comfort range. We always called it old, mainly because it was such a glutton for fuel. The house was a glutton too. Being uninsulated it needed a lot of heat to warm it. In summer the stove still took a lot of wood because the oven was not easily heated for baking. On the end was an enamel tank for heating water. It was discarded long before the old range itself. In fact the range had a tomato can or a peice of potato stuck in holes that had burned through the linings. Father still hated to see it finally go into the junk pile.

The winters were not all spent in fuel gathering. Many nights neighbors gathered together in one house. We youngsters were bundled up, stones were heated to put to our feet, and we snuggled up in the robes on a bed of straw in the sleighbox. On nice nights mother sat on a chair, but if it was cold she was glad to join the youngsters. The adults played whist. The babies were tucked up on a bed and only asked to be fed and have their wet diapers changed. The older children coasted down the banks of the ravine or a strawstack until they were tired and covered with snow. Coming in, they hung their clothes to dry, filled themselves on cookies and apples, and one by one surrendered to the sandman.

The whist carried on into the wee hours of the morning. After they had lunch and visited further, the women dressed the inert forms of the small children, which fell from side to side like half filled sacks of flour. Finally, the last mitt was on, the final limp foot pushed into its overshoe. The horses were at the door, fidgetting as they waited for the robes to be tucked around everyone.



It wasn't always the card game that delayed the homecoming. Sometimes the horses strayed off the beaten trail. Telephones lines had not been built. Few fences had been staked, and there wasn't a thing to guide the driver if the stars were covered. The elusive beaten trail was difficult to find on the field of white.

Finally, home again to a chilled house. The fire had long been burnt down to a few coals, for it wasn't safe to leave much. It could so easily burn down the home. The children were tumbled quickly into the chilly beds where they curled up like little kittens. Dad and mother sat for a while till the icy chill was gone, and often put warmed flat irons into bed so small cold feet could get warm. The lids of the stove, wrapped in newspaper, often were used for bedwarmers too.

One home we youngsters loved to visit was the long low house of Mr. and Mrs. Balkwill. The main attraction, I must admit, was the gramophone. It was the old fashioned square-box type, with cylindrical records and a large horn. The bright blue horn with the picture of the listening dog still lingers with me. Uncle Josh records were played over and over for us to listen to. Harry Lauder records were loved for their rolling Scotch rhythm, and "The Little Old Ford Rambled Right Along" could never be heard enough. The dusty records heard every morning on a favorite radio programme so often plays one of those we listened to.

Mr. Balkwill indulged in coyote hunting in the winter. He kept half a dozen hounds, long legged, gaunt creatures that could slip the miles under their slim bellies without seeming effort. On a mild sunny day Mr. Balkwill gathered them into their compartment on a specially built sleigh and jogged around the open prairie. There he scanned the fields for a glimpse of the slinking grey form of a coyote. Usually there was one, and after driving as near as he could without scaring it, he loosed his hounds.

Catching sight of the dreary figure the coyote presented, they were away after him and he was away too. The chase was always exciting. Around straw-stacks, twisting and turning, the coyote tried to shake his pursurers. Mr. Balkwill tried to keep up with the chase, with snorting puffing horses and jangling chains, they bounced along over the crusted snow.

One day, the hunter and his wife left to spend the afternoon with friends, and of course the hounds were taken along. A coyote was sighted, the visit forgotten and away went the hounds with the rig careening along behind. When the sleigh hit a bump, the lady was tossed out, and unnoticed was left to cool in the snow-bank, until she was suddenly missed. At least it was told, and made a good story and created a good laugh.

The summer work left little time for relaxation. One event of the season, though, was important to all. A picnic was held for many summers at Stony Lake, as it was called. It was really only an oversize slough. Rocks covered the bottom and lined its shores and it was unsoftened by even a tree. The sight of that much water was welcome to settlers who had come from the shores of the Atlantic or the lakes of Ontario.



Everyone from miles around gathered on the appointed day. A tent was pitched where the mothers of young children could take them to be fed, or attend to other physical needs, or leave them for a time as they slept. While attending their offspring, many comparisons were made. One of our neighbors seemed to always have a new baby about the same time as one arrived at our house. We never had the superior child. Her's was always the biggest, had the most hair, and was first to acquire teeth. How that mother gloated over her children, but our mother being more mirthful, seemed not to worry over our deficiencies.

The sports committee arranged races, football games, horse shoe pitching contests, and put up swings for the youngsters. The day was mostly enjoyed for relaxation and visits with seldom seen friends. Everyone reviewed their activities, or told of their plans to buy another quarter of land, or bragged of a new son or daughter. In all probability there was some horse trading done too. Supper-time came early, for the evening chores were waiting and it was a long drive home for most of the picnickers.

Each family had brought their best in cooking in the big lunch basket that sat in the coolest spot available. The potato salads, made with good fresh eggs and real cream flavored with tiny green onions from the garden and decorated with radishes, were set on the snowy white tablecloths which had been spread over the grass. The cakes would not be considered light by today's standards, but the bread and buns were. Light and crusty, they had a flavor all their own from the Royal yeast cakes, or yeast mother, whichever the cook had used. The yeast cakes were about an inch and a half square and were formed with cornmeal. Wrapped with the cornmeal was the inactive yeast, which surprisingly came to life when soaked in a cup of warm water. The yeast was slow acting, and bread baking was an all day job. The slow action seemed to bring to the full the flavor of prairie wheat, and we all scrambled for the heel (crust) of the loaf, as it came from the oven on bake day.

Finally, small stomachs could hold no more, nor could big ones for that matter. The leftovers were gathered and divided among the bachelors or needy. A last look was taken at the small body of water called Stony Lake and each family turned towards home. Home to milk the cows, gather the eggs, and water the livestock. As they did the chores, husband and wife recalled to each other the bits of news they had heard during the afternoon. Home with the fair of skin burned, with the sun and wind, the glutton filled, the gossip emptied of news. Many troubles were eased and joys doubled through confiding in friends. It has been a wonderfully satisfying day.



## Book Reviews

THE INDIAN AND THE HORSE. By Frank Gilbert Roe. University of Oklahoma Press, 1955. Pp. xviii, 434, illus. \$5.00.

INDIANS and horses were among the leading makers of history on the North American continent and scholars and horsemen will agree that Dr. Frank Gilbert Roe has chosen a most fruitful and attractive field in which to conduct his extensive studies. With well documented evidence, he traces the movement of horses from the time of introduction by the Spaniards who followed Columbus to this continent, and gives his own assessment of the revolutionary changes horse ownership produced in the Indian way of life.

The first sight of horses and Spanish riders struck terror to the normally courageous Indian hearts but, as pointed out very clearly, a remarkable feature in the Indian horse culture was the almost phenomenal rapidity with which the native people "mastered their early fears and developed into one of the two or three foremost equestrian peoples of the world."

How did the Indians acquire their first horses? With commendable boldness, the author dismisses a number of time-honored theories, among them that the natives acquired their earliest mounts by recovering Spanish "strays" turned semi-feral. His evidence supports the conclusion that Indian ownership was by a deliberate course of policy—Spaniards leaving horses behind for the Indians or the latter stealing them from the newcomers.

In any case, "the act of riding was a joy"—one bringing unbelievable benefits to people whose range was limited to the distance they chose to walk. The newly acquired horses were better than squaws for packing heavy loads of camp paraphernalia; they extended the hunting range, made the owners more effective in war and were an ever-present source of fresh meat when an emergent food shortage arose. But says the author, "the most profound influences exerted by the coming of the horse into Indian life were in the spiritual realm. The sense of possession was a psychological tonic in itself".

As is well understood, theiving became a major occupation of the horse Indians. Bands as big as 2700 head were said to be stolen by Crow tribesmen and as late as 1871, the same Indians were alleged to have stolen "virtually all the horses of the Sioux", to leave the latter in a state of helplessness.

The horse not only proved an aid in tribal warfare but became the cause of many of the conflicts; "it was not only the means of war; it was also the end". Often, what the white spectators called an Indian war was really a horse raid because, in some tribes like the Blackfoot, success in stealing horses amid circumstances of danger, ranked above the glory of garnering enemy scalps. "To the Crow, also" says the author, "the recovery of stolen horses was more glorious than capturing new ones".

Of the plains Indians, it is pointed out, the Assiniboin were the most successful thieves, to make Alexander Henry the Younger record that "you are sure of



your horse only when you are on his back". But the Blackfoot Indians were the best horsemen in the northern areas and the Piegans were among the big operators. Before the Indians of the West enjoyed the fruits of cattle herds and oil wells, their wealth was in horses, and even in 1833 the Crows were said to possess close to 10,000. The author points out convincingly, that the Nez Perce Indians from whom came our Appaloosa breed, were "the outstanding horse breeders among the northern tribes".

It is not surprising that one of the best chapters is "The Horse and the Buffalo", the same author having written the book *The North American Buffalo*, published in 1951 and accepted as one of the best works on that subject. Not as convincing is the material on animal breeding wherein the origin of pinto horses is considered and evident sympathy is shown for the ancient theory of "maternal impressions" which geneticists rejected long ago. It will be difficult to convince men of science that there is any similarity between the origin of the pinto markings and Jacob's Old Testament experience in getting "ringstraked, speckled and spotted" offspring in the herd by placing peeled rods before the cattle.

All in all, the author quotes so widely from other authorities that the reader may find it difficult at times to know exactly what the writer's own views are. With a tendency to labor many points, some pages become tedious—but thoroughness is not the worst of literary sins, and the book will prove an aid and a pleasure to lovers of horses and students of history.

GRANT MACEWAN

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NORTHERN TRADER. By H. S. M. Kemp. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1956. Pp. 253, \$3.50.

BORED with banking, thrilled by the sight and smells of a Hudson's Bay trading post, and full of romantic adventure stories, H. S. M. Kemp, at the mature age of seventeen, decided to become a fur trader. The decision made, he forthwith approached Chief Factor Hall at Prince Albert and was shortly hired as a clerk for the Hudson's Bay Company at the princely wage of forty dollars a month. Thus Mr. Kemp began his career as a fur trader in Northern Saskatchewan. His book *Northern Trader* is a series of sketches taken from his years in the fur trade—1908 to 1927.

The author's intention in *Northern Trader* was not to write an autobiography or a history but, as he states in his preface, "... to paint a series of word-pictures of the North as I knew it, of the fur trade of an earlier day, and of the men and women who walked the stage at that particular time". Mr. Kemp has been quite successful in achieving his purpose. His word pictures are excellent and he is particularly skillful at depicting for his readers the mood or emotion of a scene. Yet this is done with an unusual intimacy and reserve, accepting the risks and hardships he underwent as a natural part of his chosen work. Of course a series of reminiscences cannot, as Mr. Kemp realized, be anything but autobiographical. Much personal data is obviously omitted and, while undoubtedly it would be



interesting, I think the author has given proper weight to this side, while keeping his main purpose in mind. Much is recorded here of the life of the Indian and trader which, while it may not be new, is told in an interesting, refreshing manner and is a contribution to the social history of this province.

There is variety in the stories told by Mr. Kemp. They range from the height of drama to delightful humor, from complete frustration to success. But one thing runs through all the book—that is his understanding and liking for the Indian. He recognized their good and bad points, but there is never any hint that he attempted to change them. Rather he accepted their ways and lived on a basis of equality with them. Obviously his success as a fur trader was, to a major extent, due to his fine relationship with the Indians.

At times the author digresses needlessly in the midst of telling a story. This is particularly evident in the early chapters. The book would have been much improved by the inclusion of a few maps to show the location of the various trading posts and the routes travelled. Other authentic illustrations would also have helped. Unfortunately the jacket design is not in this category. But these are minor criticisms. *Northern Trader* is, nevertheless, highly enjoyable reading.

D. H. BOCKING



## Notes on Correspondence

**M**R. W. A. Cohoon of Saskatoon and Denfield, Ontario, is the author and publisher of *Jubilee Reminiscences*, a 103 page history of the Macrorie and Bratton district, with biographies of many of the pioneer settlers. In this booklet, which appeared in 1956, Mr. Cohoon gives a comprehensive account of his own experiences and the development of the communities in which he lived, beginning in 1904 when he came West on a harvest excursion. His adventures in finding a homestead, early farming experiences, the hardships of pioneer life changes in farming and marketing, and the beginnings of local government and education, are all described in clear style and abundant detail. Mr. Cohoon is to be commended for his fine contribution to local history in Saskatchewan.

A History of the Tregarva District entitled *This is Tregarva*, was published earlier this year by the Tregarva Homemakers' Club and may be procured at \$1.00 per copy from the Club. This 39 page booklet outlines the main events, and the beginnings of various community organizations, which are part of the history of the area. This attractive little publication is dedicated to the pioneers of the district, who have bequeathed "a tradition of democratic progress, of unity in action, a kindliness unsurpassed".

Mrs. Florence H. T. Barker of Spy Hill has supplied us with reports on the last four meetings of the Wolverine Hobby and Historical Society, attended by members from Spy Hill, Tantallon, Hazelcliffe, Welby, Langenburg, Gerald, Marchwell and Yorkton.

The March meeting heard an address by Constable William Carter of the Esterhazy detachment of the R.C.M.P. on the history of the Force. The same meeting was also addressed by Mr. Walter Miller of Spy Hill, who presented extracts from the diary of his father, Arthur Rowe Miller, who came to the North-West in 1881. Our readers will find this diary reproduced in the earlier pages of this issue of *Saskatchewan History*.

The Society's annual rally will take place at Fort Ellice on June 16th, and the annual Hobby Fair will be held on August 15th at Spy Hill. The Society would welcome contacts with other historical groups with a view to arranging joint meetings. Communications on this subject may be addressed to the President, Mrs. F. C. Dafoe of Spy Hill, or the Secretary, Mr. A. M. Provick of Hazelcliffe.

## Contributors

F. H. AULD, is Chancellor of the University of Saskatchewan, and served as Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Saskatchewan from 1916 to 1956.

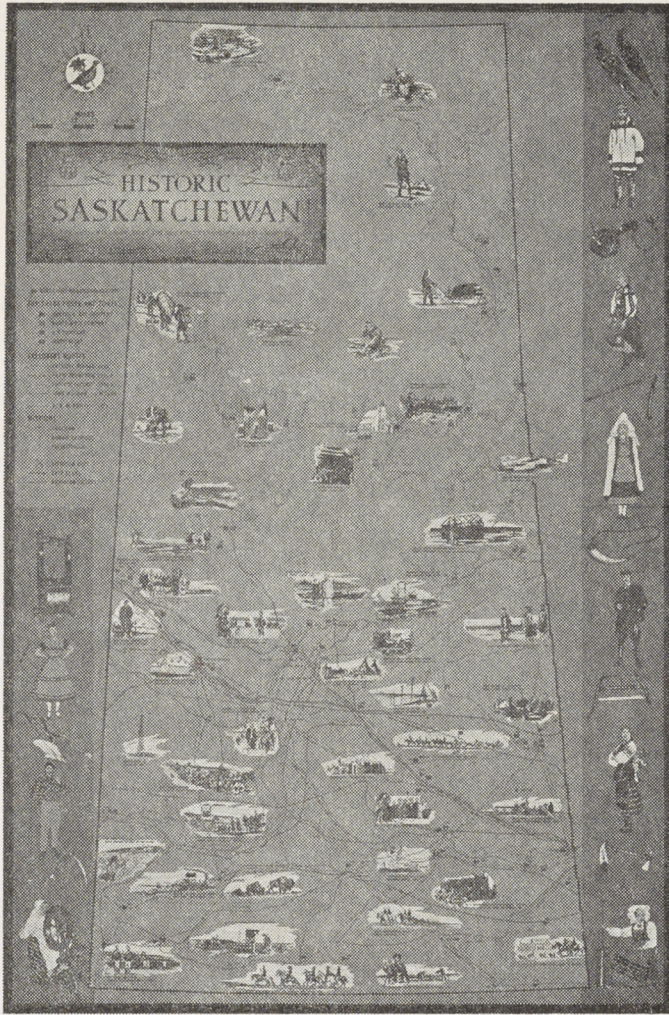
GRANT MACEWAN is the manager of the Council of Canadian Beef Producers, Calgary, and a member of the Legislative Assembly of Alberta. He is the author of numerous books and articles on the Canadian West.

D. H. BOCKING is a member of the staff of the Archives of Saskatchewan and a former teacher in the Melfort High School.





# Pictorial Historic Map of Saskatchewan



This handsomely produced pictorial historic map measures 24 by 36 inches. It is in five striking colours, and was drawn by A. W. Davey, illustrator of *Saskatchewan: The History of a Province*. Based on extensive research, this map depicts many places and events in the history of the province from the time of Henry Kelsey to the era of oil wells and uranium.

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